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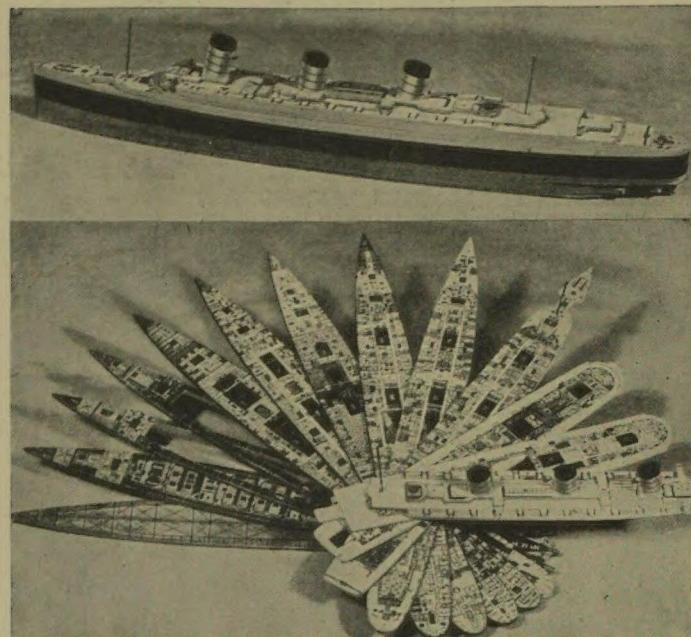
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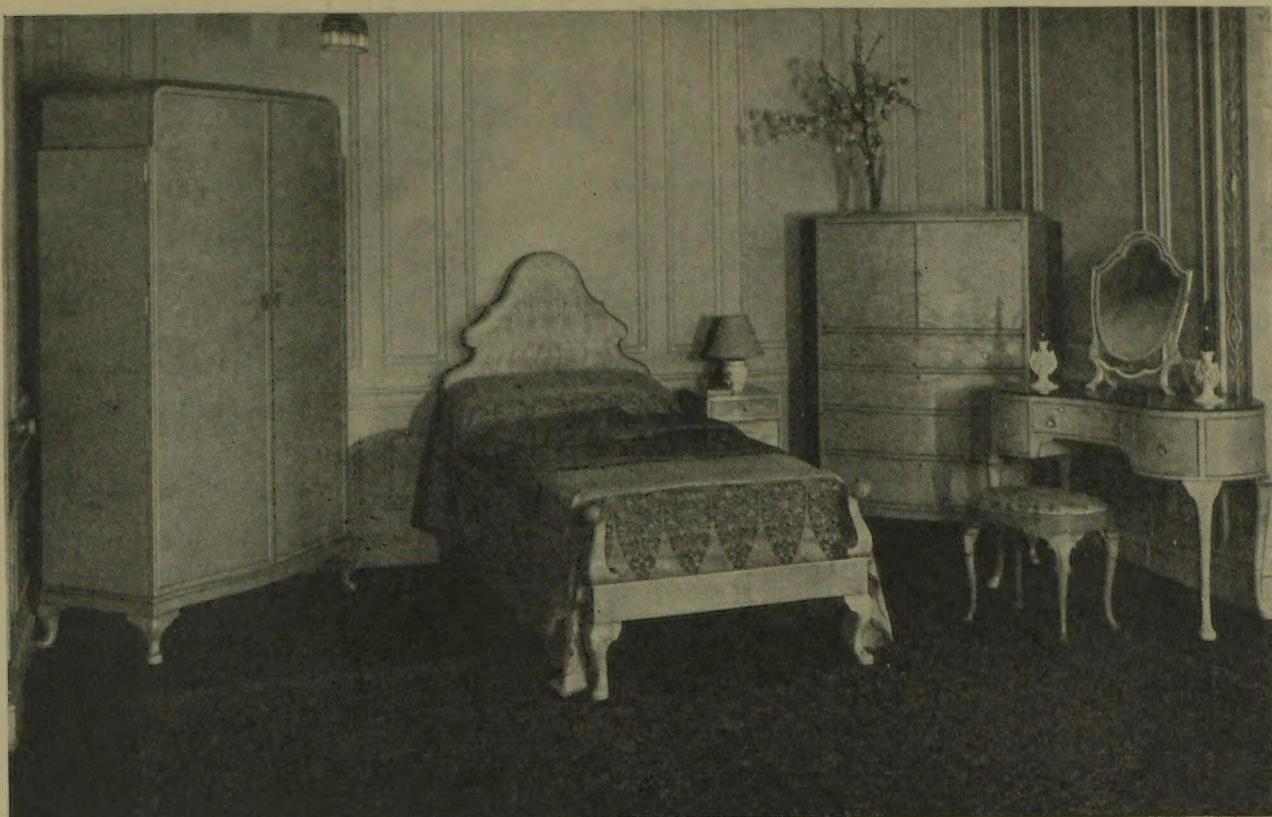
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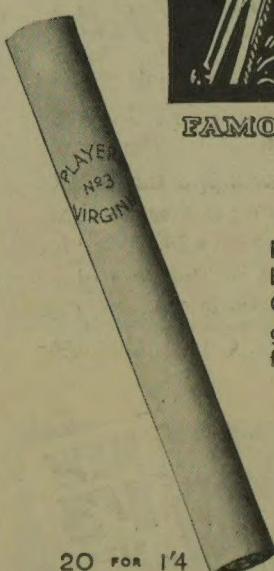
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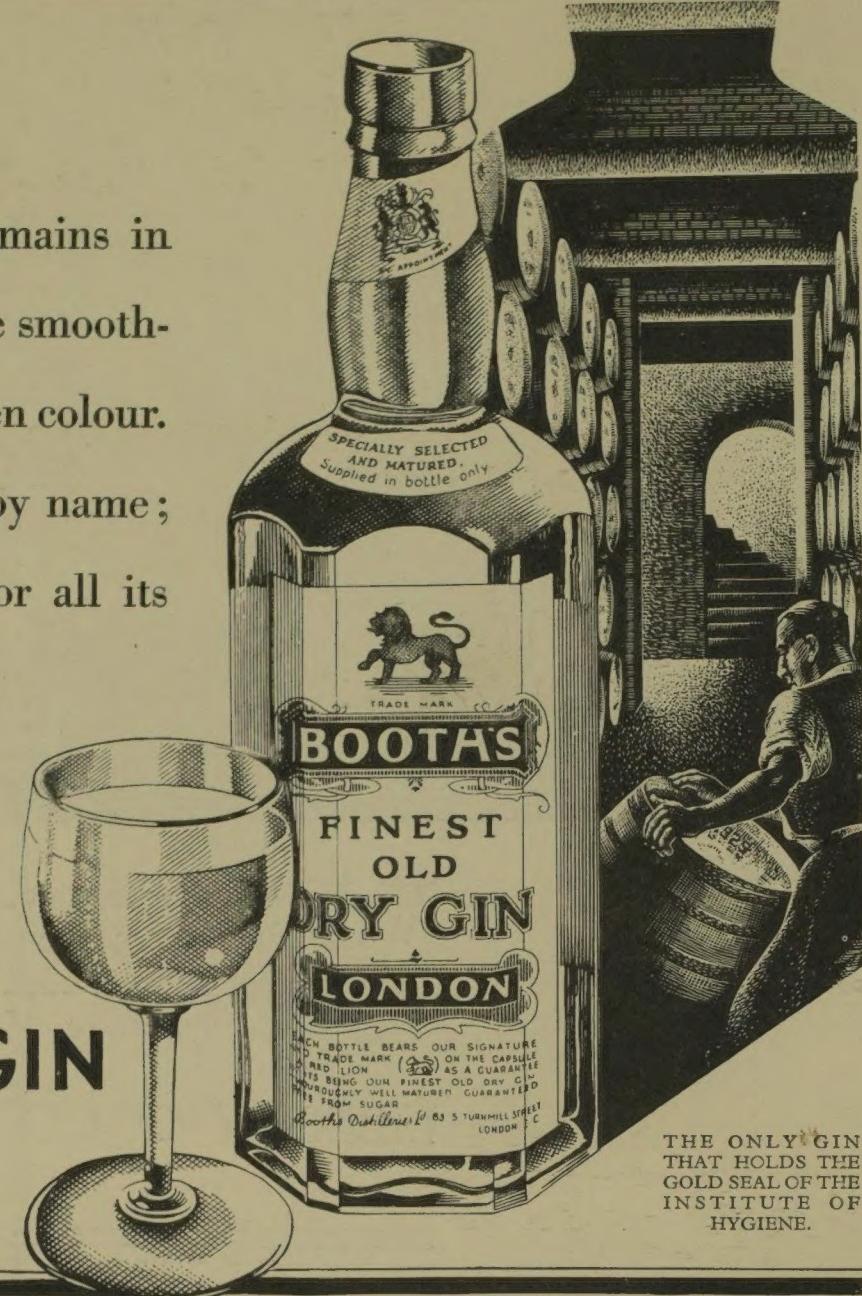


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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1936.



LIVING STONE AGE FOLK AFFECTED BY AUSTRALIA'S NEW POLICY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE ABORIGINES:
NATIVES IN RITUAL TOTEMIC GARB FOR CEREMONIES NEVER BEFORE SEEN BY A WHITE MAN.

In his article on the next page describing experiences among the aborigines of northern Australia, during anthropological expeditions on behalf of the Australian National Research Council, Mr. W. E. H. Stanner tells how he was invited by them to attend secret totemic ceremonies which, among themselves, are sacred to the point of death. He also describes their costume on such occasions, when they cover their bodies with red and yellow oxides and white pipe-clay, and decorate their torsos with emblematic designs of kapok dipped in human blood. The result gives them the appearance of statues encrusted with chemical deposits. In a note on this rare photograph, Mr. Stanner says: "These ceremonies have not before been

seen by whites, or photographed, in this part of northern Australia." The subject is of particular interest just now in view of the recent announcement (made by Mr. Patterson, the Australian Minister for the Interior) of a new policy for the control of aborigines, who, it was stated, have dwindled from an original estimated population of 250,000 to 76,000, of whom 22,000 are half-castes. They are to be divided into three classes: (1) Detribalised natives, such as those near Darwin and other northern towns; (2) Tribes near pastoral settlements and other white stations; (3) Myalls beyond civilised control. Further particulars of the scheme for the treatment of these classes of Australian natives are given in the footnote on page 715.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL RESEARCH COUNCIL.

THE PRESERVATION OF THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

AN ANTHROPOLOGIST'S ADVENTURES, IN UNMAPPED TRIBAL TERRITORIES, AMONG THE "BLACKFELLOWS," FOR WHOSE WELFARE THE AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT HAS DEVISED A NEW SYSTEM OF RESERVES.

By W. E. H. STANNER, formerly Lecturer in Anthropology at the University of Sydney and Political Secretary to the Premier of New South Wales. Photographs by Courtesy of the Australian National Research Council. (See Illustrations opposite and on front page.)

JUST a year ago, according to the diary which reads so strangely on a grey autumn day in London, I was deep in the bush of the Australian Never Never, beyond the fringe of settlement in the north-west of the continent. I had been roaming for nearly two years from one native camp to another on an anthropological expedition to the centre and north-west of North Australia, where the last of the black tribesmen are to be found.

My diary reads:

"Night is coming on. The blacks are drifting in to camp from the day's hunt. Children and women are whirling firesticks in the air to re-kindle the dying sparks. Three or four tiny children are playing on a scalded plain to the west of the clump of timber where the camp is settled for the night. One of them, a miniature in the dusk, throws a toy boomerang at the sinking sun, and then stands as if in awe at his magnificent gesture. The others shout: 'E! E! The sun is frightened. See, it goes away.' The younger women are piling bushes and strips of bark to make a rough wind-break. *Marawork* (the wind) is cold to-night. The fires are lighted to form a small circle, twenty-odd feet across. The small family groups sit between two fires, and all turning inward face each other across the circle. Children are fetching water in folded strips of bark from the billabong.

trace of native life. In many places the blackfellow has vanished as though he had never been. The Australian native might have been a shadow moving in the trees, for all the impress he has made on his environment. Here and there one finds a midden of shells, or a cave of bones, or a rock-face covered with crude designs in ochre and kaolin, but that is all.



HOLDING THEIR SPEARS IN THE AIR TO KEEP THEM DRY: A RAIDING PARTY OF AUSTRALIAN BLACKS CROSSING A RIVER.

The spears must not be wet, because, being made of bamboo, they would become waterlogged and useless. There are also magical reasons for keeping them dry.

Where the tribes do remain they are well disposed and friendly. There is no part of North Australia where whites who maintain careful relations with the blacks need fear violence. Unharmed, I went by lorry, lugger, canoe, packhorse, camel, and foot into every part of the area selected for my work by the Australian National Research Council, which administers the Rockefeller endowment for anthropological research. Soho holds more terrors than the Australian bush, if one makes a reservation or two about crocodiles, the malarial anopholes mosquito, snakes, and the danger of perishing from thirst. The not-infrequent tragedies which do occur are usually the penalty of foolishness. The bad old days are gone, as far as danger from native tribes is concerned, and the interior of the continent is criss-crossed with rough tracks on which one is always within reach of help. Along the overland telegraph line between Alice Springs and Darwin, where desert and a waterless plateau beat back the explorers who were the first to brave the inland in the middle of last century, small-car honeymooners are not uncommon. There is no settlement worth speaking of, nor is it likely that there will ever be. The fact that the telegraph line is there, with a few pin-points of settlement along it, is sufficient to attract wild tribesmen in from the western spinifex desert to see the "white piffa" at closer quarters, smoke his tobacco, eat his sugar and flour, and then wander west again.

The blackfellow is a nomad. He grows no crops, and builds no villages, except where whites have encouraged him to settle down on cattle stations or on missions. Even then he is restless, and each year takes his spear and swag and billycan and "goes bush" for his "walkabout." My job as an anthropologist, to make him stand still and talk about himself at times when he burned with restlessness to hunt the wildfowl



PERSONAL DECORATION IN WHICH AN INGREDIENT IS HUMAN BLOOD: AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES ADORNED FOR A CORROBEE.

One man wears a pendant ground down from pearl shell made many hundreds of miles away and traded to this tribe. The heads are covered in a bark arrangement, on which chopped bird feathers dipped in human blood are dotted in the designs shown in the photograph.

Food is scorching on the fires. Someone is already blowing through the *didjeridu* (a small hollow wood pipe), there is a tap-tap-tapping of hardwood sticks in accompaniment, and a high, edgy tenor is chanting a song while the preparatory work of the night-camp goes on. Is it possible for me to understand these people? With the night around them, they need no walls. They are on simple but adequate terms with living. Earth to sleep on, bark sheets to keep the dew off, fires to lie between, food on the coals, laughter and gossip and slander being bantered about. Here and there silent old people, and children playing on the edge of the darkness and the glow from the fires."

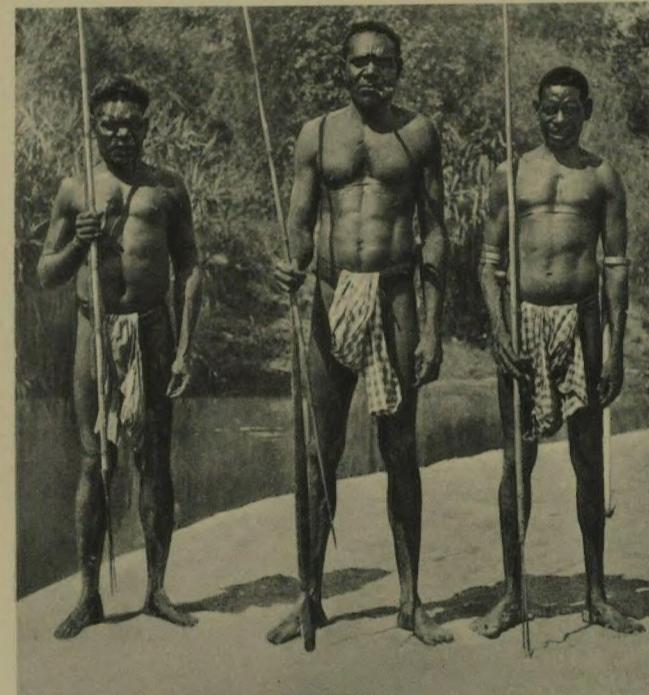
I had seen it all many times before. The blacks had long since ceased to bother about my proximity. I had become to them an odd sort of person, harmless enough unless you stole the possessions he so unreasonably would not share all round, and a bit given to asking impertinent questions. One had to be content to earn and to keep such a reputation, for ethnographical fieldwork demands self-effacement. Consequently, I was prepared to sit under my coolibah tree at a little distance from this camp and watch the community of the night within its ring of fires.

Such scenes are vanishing from Australia. In a tour of at least 10,000 miles from Broken

Hill, in western New South Wales, right across the centre of the continent, into the spinifex desert, the arid central steppes, as far west as the salt-water Timor coastal belt, and into the swamp plains of the Daly and Fitzmaurice river country, I often covered immense distances without seeing a

in the marshes, or to go spearing fish on the sandy shallows of the rivers, often proved too much for him, and much too much for me. Yet I met endless kindness and much courtesy among these simple folk. When I settled down for the wet monsoon season among a group of tribes who made camps in patches of thick jungle, as much to protect themselves from sorcerers as from the weather, I was shown how to thatch a hut with "paper bark" from the giant ti-tree. When it was necessary to cross creeks and rivers, where crocodiles abounded, blacks swam on both sides of me. When my rations were exhausted and I faced the bleak prospect of several months of living on what my rifle could get me in swampy country, I was supplied with geese eggs, roots, yams, wild honey, and fish. I made it a practice to exchange tobacco, tea, and sugar for these foods, so building my relations with the tribes on a firm basis of reciprocity. When I made long exploratory treks with natives into parts of their tribal territories which had to be mapped and photographed, my gear was carried, twigs which might have scratched

or blinded me were always broken to one side, I was helped over the stony ranges on which a booted white man walks clumsily, and grass and leaves were cut for me to lie on at night. All this, often without the asking. The anthropologist is often accused of looking at a native people through rose-coloured glasses, and there is no doubt that he does see a much more attractive side of them than the planter or cattleman called upon to work them. While making due allowance for this, I shall always think with kindness of the blacks I have known. A man with insight into native life, with strength of personality, and with capacity to master the nuances of a difficult racial relationship, can find in the blackfellow much to admire and something to like. Let me not make him out to be a paragon. My food was sometimes stolen, I was often mocked and mimicked behind my back, I was lied to bare-facedly, my questions were sometimes



LIVING STONE AGE MAN AT HIS FINEST: THREE SPLENDID PHYSICAL TYPES, INCLUDING (CENTRE) A NOTORIOUS CHARACTER AND NATURAL LEADER.

"Coastal natives," writes Mr. Stanner, "are often superbly built. The man in the centre is a notorious N.A. character—a murderer several times over, and the acknowledged leader of an area where there is in actuality no chieftainship at all; a graceful dancer, doughty fighter in duels, and a remarkably intelligent man."

answered with nonsense to put me off the scent of secret lore, and I was given uncomplimentary nicknames. Yet I was able to spend months alone in the deep bush with natives, and not feel too greatly the loss of white companionship.

During the wet season (the southern summer) the whole of North Australia is a quagmire. As much as sixty inches of rain falls in four or five months. The white settlements inland are cut off for many months. Packhorses bog to the knees and wheeled transport is impossible. The monsoon blankets the countryside in rain and swamp. Cattle on the great stations are allowed to go unmustered until the dry winter season arrives. Out in the unsettled blackfellow country the anthropologist who is prepared to face a wet season in the open begins to see at this time something of native life in its real meaning. I was taken spear-fishing by day and night and learned to pin sand-mullet at fifteen paces. I went into thickets of jungle and watched canoes being cut from the soft wood of the kapok tree. I was shown which berries to eat, which yams were dangerous, how to make fire on rainy days without matches, and a hundred tricks which make life in the bush easier for a greenhorn. I was shown how bamboo is cut and bent in hot ashes after sun-drying, to make the shafts of spears. Some of my informants tried to teach me to follow tracks with their own skill,



ABORIGINAL COOKERY: PREPARING AN EMU FOR ROASTING IN A GROUND OVEN. A huge fire is lighted in a scooped-out hollow, stones are flung in, and taken out when red-hot. The oven is placed in a hole, the stones are put in it and around the carcass, and the whole lot is covered with layers of bark sprinkled with water. The bird is allowed to cook slowly for some hours—delicious method.

[Continued on page 750.]

**STONE-AGE LIFE IN THE AUSTRALIAN "NEVER NEVER":
ABORIGINES NOW UNDER A NEW RESERVE SCHEME.**

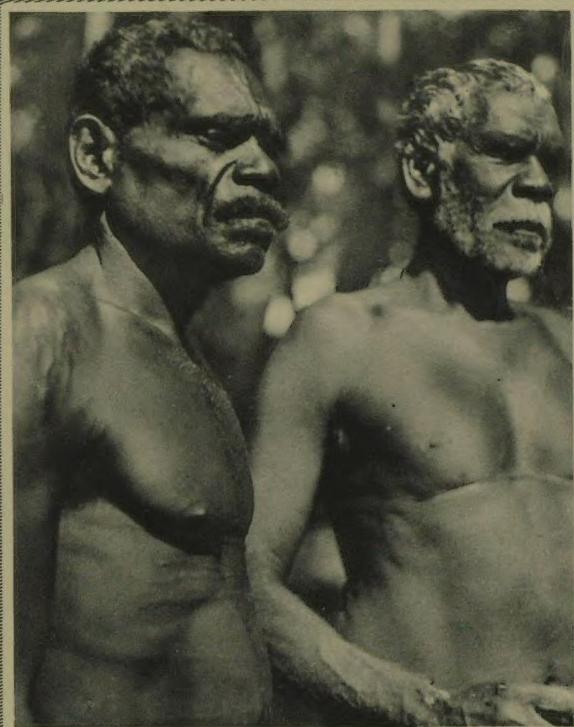
AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL RESEARCH COUNCIL PHOTOGRAPHS. (SEE ARTICLE OPPOSITE.)



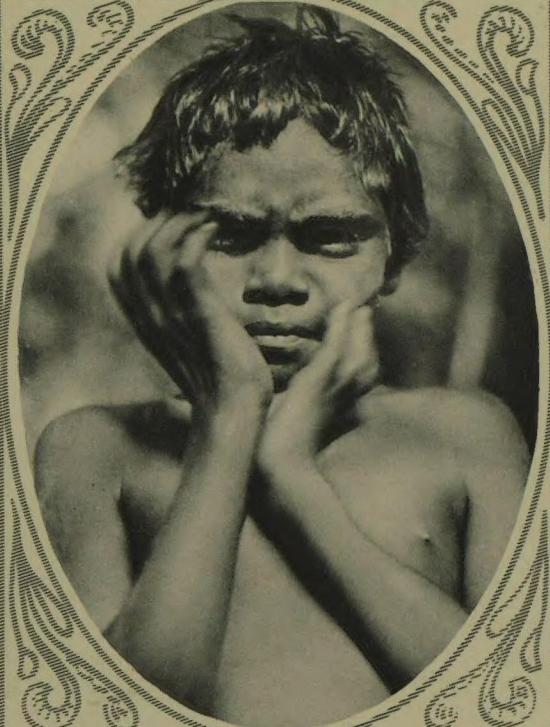
MURINBATA NATIVES AROUND A FISH-TRAP BUILT BY MISSIONARIES WHO RECENTLY MADE THE FIRST PERMANENT SETTLEMENT IN THE PORT KEATS AREA: TRIBESMEN IN LOIN-CLOTHS DISTRIBUTED BY THE MISSION.



IN A DUG-OUT BOAT MODELLED ON THE LINES OF PASSING SHIPS AND DIFFERENT IN BUILD FROM THE NATIVE TYPE OF BOATS: TRIBESMEN OF THE COAST REGION OF NORTHERN AUSTRALIA.



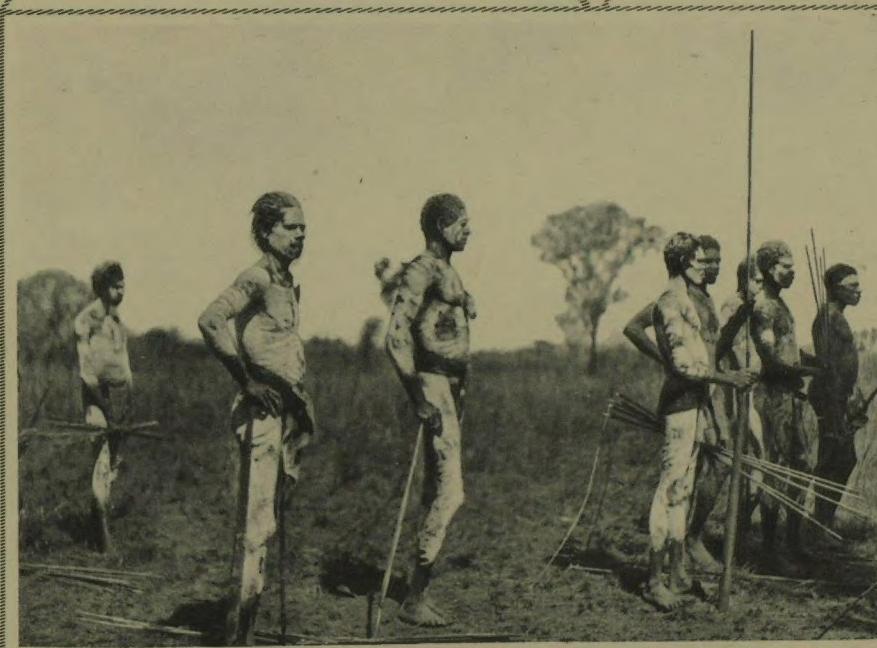
TYPICAL OF THE OLD MEN WHO RULE AUSTRALIAN TRIBES, THOUGH THERE ARE NO OFFICIAL CHIEFS: TWO SENIORS OF STRONG PERSONALITY AND GREAT INFLUENCE.



WITH HAIR AS STRAIGHT AS A EUROPEAN'S: A SHY GIRL HIDING HER FACE FROM THE CAMERA, HAVING (LIKE MANY NATIVES) A FEAR OF PHOTOGRAPHY.



MARKED WITH CICATRICES: A YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN OF THE MURINBATA, ONE OF THE LAST UNTOUCHED TRIBES OF NORTH AUSTRALIA.



READY FOR ONE OF THE CUSTOMARY TRIBAL COMBATS: TRIBESMEN COVERED WITH WHITE KAOLIN, SYMBOLIC OF THEIR PARTICULAR RÔLE IN THE FIGHT; ONE HOLDING A SPEAR-THROWER, WHICH GREATLY INCREASES ITS VELOCITY.



A CORROBOREE OF COASTAL BLACKS: SEVERAL DANCERS, AND ONE MAN HOLDING A WOODEN DRONE-PIPE (A HOLLOW BRANCH), WHICH, WHEN BLOWN, EMITS PULSATING MONOTONES, PROVIDING RHYTHM FOR SONG AND DANCE.

In connection with the new policy regarding aborigines announced by the Australian Minister of the Interior (mentioned on our front page) and their division into three classes, it was further stated (in "The Times"): "The detribalised natives will be educated to white standards and trained for sundry occupations. The Darwin areas will be reserved for aborigines, with barracks and schools and recreational and sanitary facilities. It is hoped to eradicate their nomadic background and to develop a community sense centred in family homes and exploitation of the soil and domestic animals as sources of food. The semi-detribalised natives will be placed in reserves, where they may live in native fashion. The Myalls will continue to live in inviolable reserves." Commenting

on the ministerial announcement, Mr. Stanner (author of the article opposite) writes: "The details of such a policy need the most technical planning. In at least three areas of this great expanse of 500,000 square miles it is possible to conserve much aboriginal life. Many of the tribesmen know that their people, languages, and ancient cultures have not long to live, but some at least could be saved. Another entry in my diary becomes relevant here: 'Malamarma and Jarawak were talking about me this evening.' 'Why does the *Maluka* spend all day *bukimup bukimup?*' asked Jarawak. *Bukimup* is the pidgin phrase to denote my constant note-taking. Malamarma, an old, quiet man, said simply: 'So that when we are all dead Ngolokwanggar (their language) will be alive.'"



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

FIFTY years ago, even thirty years ago, when I was a boy, it was universally taught and believed that the bad old days when men killed and tortured one another for their faith were gone for ever. We read in our history-books about the Spanish Inquisition and the wars of religion, and were told, and heartily concurred in what we were told, that these excesses were something that civilisation and the march of reason had banished for ever. The English seventeenth century, when first Roman Catholics, and then Presbyterians, Anglicans, Dissenters, and Quakers were in turn fined, imprisoned, and sometimes even slain for their faith, was, we were convinced, an age of appalling wrong-mindedness. It may have produced "Paradise Lost" and St. Paul's Cathedral, but, so far as we were concerned, it was eternally disgraced by its horrible bigotry. The best thing that came out of it, and that only through sheer exhaustion, was the era of toleration and reason that succeeded it.

It now begins to appear that these dark humours which we thought mankind had discarded for ever in the advancing light of pure reason were not really banished at all. The light of pure reason has been brightening in Europe for two hundred years now. During the nineteenth century the *intelligentsia* of all countries marched triumphantly forward; one after another the towers of reactionary prejudice and obscurantism were sent toppling down and parliamentary governments and liberal institutions everywhere rose in their place. The war accelerated the process, and ended in a veritable cataclysm of kings, dominions, and powers of the older

and less rational sort. In their place arose republics. Some of the new republics were even directed by University professors. In a few obscure corners of Europe, it is true, the forces of ignorance and darkness still survived. One of them, of course, was Spain, which, since the welcome rationalisation of Oxford, seemed to have succeeded to the dubious honour of being the principal home of lost causes. But even here the forces of light soon began to prevail. Dictatorship was overthrown, the hereditary monarchy was sent packing, and quite a number of churches and superstitious idols were burnt. A free Press, a democratic franchise, and the entry of a great many gentlemen of the highest intellect into the responsible offices of state followed.

Such was the dawn. But, alas! it proved to be not at all the kind of dawn that was expected. For in Spain, just as had happened in other European countries after their post-war emancipation from ancient prejudice and privilege, the destruction of one kind of irrational despotism was followed by the emergence of another more irrational and despotic than any that had been seen on earth since the Dark Ages. The despotism of a distant king or a dictator is a trifling burden compared to the despotism of the

mob round the corner. The intolerance of uncontrolled brute force returned to earth. And, inspiring and justifying it, there was preached a creed which proclaimed the attainment of Utopia through cruelty and persecution. Wrong was to be done that right might ensue. Women and children were cut and battered to pieces, men's eyes were gouged out, and living, sentient creatures were tied to stakes, soaked in petrol, and burnt to death for no other reason than that they were Christians or were believed to be hostile or merely indifferent to their more powerful neighbours' political faith. The same thing had occurred in what had seemed the hour of Russia's liberalisation twenty years before, when a new birth of freedom and reason had ended in what was probably the greatest destruction of human life for the sake of an abstract

was before. And the miracle of it all is that it will be largely due to the fanaticism of a self-professed rationalist, who spent his life, under the protective forms of British law, in the library of the British Museum, spinning theories about the intellectual basis of human government and economic relationships. Without Karl Marx's reasoning, not only neither Lenin nor Stalin, but neither Mussolini nor Hitler could have existed. Even Sir Oswald Mosley and our own irrational Blackshirts are the after-consequences of his thought. Pure reason has never had a more remarkable triumph.

Such is Europe's present dilemma. The pure reason of the rationalists has given rise to actions which reason is unable to control. In the clear, cold light of Marx's theory of historical inevitability, the blood-bath of an effete society could appear a perfectly natural and almost desirable phenomenon which future historians would be able to dismiss lightly with a passing reference. The decapitation of a nun or the strangling of a prosperous shopkeeper were necessary and pious steps in evolutionary progress. Or so it seemed in the detachment of sociological research. But in actual fact all this has assumed a vastly different aspect. "A squabble in your backyard and the blow of a boy," remarked Synge's disillusioned heroine in "The Playboy of the Western World," "have taught me that there's a great gap between a gallous story and a dirty deed." So there is between the pure and incorruptible rubric of class revolution and those more concrete processes of



RUSSIAN FOOD FOR THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT: A HUGE CROWD WELCOMING THE SOVIET CARGO BOAT "ZIRYANIN" AT BARCELONA.

Quite naturally, the Spanish Left has the sympathy of Russia in the Civil War. The Soviet steamer "Ziryanin" was despatched recently with 3500 tons of food supplies destined to be placed at the disposal of the Spanish Government. There was a great demonstration when she arrived at Barcelona. The Catalan President, Señor Companys, and several members of his Executive Council were among the great throng that went to meet the ship when she docked.

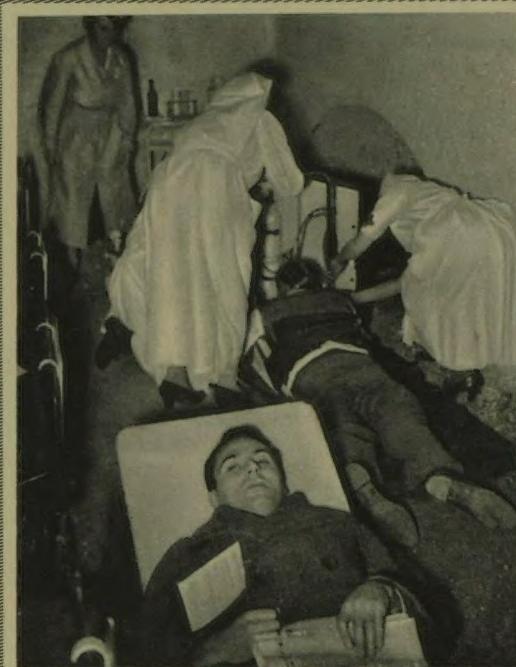
creed in human history. The savage persecutions of Man by Man of which we had read in the annals of the unenlightened sixteenth and seventeenth centuries sank into insignificance beside the insane bonfire of hatred and intolerance generated in the rational and progressive twentieth century. A creed which prided itself on its intellectual freedom from religious sentiment signed the death warrant of thousands on the grounds of sentiment alone. The cruelties of the Holy Wars of the past were surpassed by those of the Unholy Wars of the present. New atheist proved to be but old priest writ large.

And the persecutors stimulated a new creed of fire and intolerance in the persecuted. The hatred and zealotry of the clinched fist was answered by that of the outstretched palm. To anyone who knows Spain it is little short of miraculous that so alien a creed as Fascism can have made any appeal to that nation of passionate individualists. Yet the miracle appears to have been achieved, and it now seems possible that a corporate and military Spain may take her place beside a corporate and military Germany and a corporate and military Italy. The map of Europe will become still more topsy-turvy than it

murder, arson, and mutilation with which in actuality it is attended. Nor do those who are called upon to undergo these operations of evolutionary progress accept them in the spirit in which they were intended. For, though the human mind is logical, human nature is not logical at all, and every attempt to apply the rationalist conclusions of the study to the social and political relationships of man is to unloose a torrent of utterly irrational fears, instincts, and behaviour.

So the wheel seems to have come full circle and we are back again where the great freethinkers started when they set out to free mankind from the blind faiths of the past by reasoning faith out of court. For, when all has been said and suffered, it is seen to be not faith—often a wrong-headed but at best a divine attribute—that is to blame, but the imperfections of human nature which turn faith and reason alike into gross and monstrous travesties of themselves. "What an unruly animal mankind is," wrote that very wise and now forgotten student of men and their affairs, Roger North, "and how much we are mistaken in our ways of doing one another good. . . . But enough of errors; there are so many in the world . . . as would make one sick to think and spew to repeat."

PARIS BLACKED-OUT—AGAINST GAS- AND INCENDIARY-BOMBS.



REALISM AT THE GREAT AIR-RAID REHEARSAL IN PARIS: "WOUNDED" AT A DRESSING-STATION; INCLUDING A GAS CASUALTY WHO IS BEING HELPED TO BREATHE (RIGHT).



THE THOROUGHNESS OF THE "PASSIVE DEFENCE" OF PARIS: A MOBILE SHELTER CAPABLE OF ACCOMMODATING FIVE PEOPLE.



A CHILD "VICTIM" OF GAS-BOMBS: A RESCUER REHEARSING HIS PART FOR THE GREAT PARIS AIR-RAID PRACTICE; AND SEEN ENTERING A SPECIAL STREET AIR-RAID SHELTER.



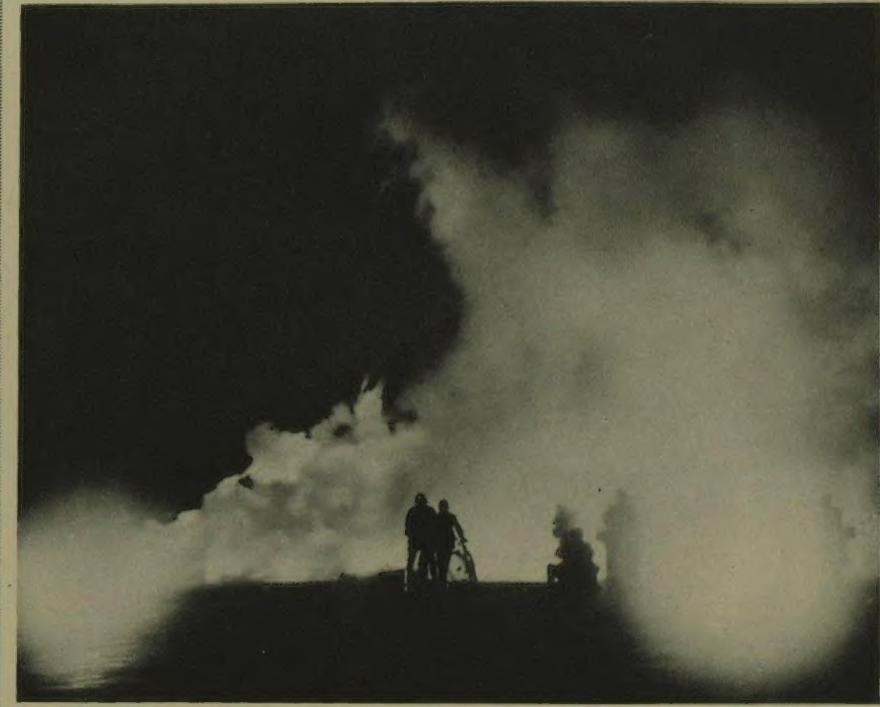
A CASUALTY BEING PLACED IN AN AMBULANCE DURING THE AIR-RAID PRACTICE, IN WHICH THE VARIOUS "PASSIVE DEFENCE" UNITS WERE GIVEN FULL OPPORTUNITIES FOR EXERCISE.



PREPARING FOR THE DANGER OF AERIAL "MUSTARD-GAS" ATTACKS: A DECONTAMINATION SQUAD AT WORK IN SPECIAL SUITS; WITH GRUESOME WARNING BOARDS, ON THE RIGHT.



MEASURES FOR DEALING WITH THE EFFECTS OF INCENDIARY-BOMBS: A FIREMAN DEMONSTRATING THE EFFICACY OF A FIRE-PROOF SUIT TO THE CROWD ASSEMBLED IN A DARKENED STREET DURING THE REHEARSAL.



MORE REALISM IN THE AIR-RAID REHEARSAL: A "BOMB" EXPLODING NEAR THE PANTHÉON, WHERE FIRE BRIGADES WERE SUMMONED TO DEAL WITH AN ASSUMED OUTBREAK OF FIRE FROM THIS CAUSE.

A full-scale air-raid rehearsal took place in Paris on October 16, and the arrangements for darkening the capital completely were put into effect. The Air Minister, M. Cot, flew over the city to inspect the results. The lights went out at about 9.30, in answer to a signal given by sirens. Thereupon, the roar of aeroplane engines was heard; machine-guns came into action; and anti-aircraft guns opened fire with blank cartridge. The "enemy" rained bombs, in the shape of Bengal lights, on the streets below. Policemen and firemen put on their gas-masks. Decontamination squads hurried to areas supposed to be affected by mustard-gas.

Other parties were busy repairing electric cables imagined to have been damaged, clearing away "débris," and removing "wounded." Fire-engines hurried to the Odéon and the Panthéon, where fires were assumed to have been started by bombs. Although efforts were made to lend complete realism to the rehearsal, there were some exceptions to the general "black-out"—notably the Grand Palais. Here, it appears, the huge glass roof of the building (recently used for the Automobile Salon) remained brilliantly illuminated throughout the raid. But perhaps this was a cunning piece of "double-bluff" intended to confuse the "raiders."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

CONFRONTED this week with a book about South America and another on big-game hunting—two slightly incongruous subjects—I was at a loss at first for a leading idea to impart cohesion to this article. Eventually, finding that one work was largely concerned with a war, I betrothed me of a connecting link by comparing man, as a fighting animal, with his four-footed and more ostensibly ferocious fellow creatures. This comparison, however, I must leave readers to draw for themselves.

Human belligerence is far from monopolising the interest in "LAND OF TO-MORROW." A Story of South America. By R. W. Thompson, author of "Argentine Interlude" and "Down Under." With thirty-seven Illustrations and three Maps (Duckworth; 16s.). This is one of the most refreshing travel books that I have met, so chatty and so free-and-easy in manner that to read it is like listening to a good talker—a man with interesting experiences, a happy-go-lucky temperament, and a strong sense of humour. Not that Mr. Thompson's subjects are always humorous; often the reverse, for he has much to say of recent unhappy things which to him were not far off, and of battles not so long ago fought in a green hell of heat and thirst. Luckily for the reader, however, countless incidents of travel and personal contacts, unconnected with the Chaco war, afford full scope for his whimsical descriptions and dialogue. What the book's title means I am uncertain: whether "to-morrow" refers to South America's great future, or is merely a translation of that blessed Spanish word *manana*. What matters is that it is intensely readable.

It is popularly supposed that extensive travel requires wealth, but it was otherwise with Mr. Thompson and his wife, for his vivid scenes unfold against a background of impecuniosity. It is amazing what he accomplished on slender means. This "eternal lack of pence," however, brought adventures that seldom befall the well-to-do, and afforded insight into the seamier side of South American life. At the same time introductions gave Mr. Thompson access to presidents, ministers, and other important people. The war between Bolivia and Paraguay was in progress, and he visited the capitals of both countries to discover its causes. He gives the fullest and most illuminating account of the war that I have seen. His conclusion is that it was a war of aggression on the part of Bolivia, which began with a large and well-equipped army, vastly superior on paper to that of Paraguay; but the Paraguayans had the advantage, in the author's view, of fighting in a just cause; also with a better knowledge of the terrible country, enabling them often to find water in places where the Bolivians had died of thirst. The Paraguayans were fortunate too in having for their leader a military genius, the young Marshal Estigarribia, and their deficiency in war material was gradually supplied by captures from the enemy.

Discussing the war's origin, Mr. Thompson suggests that the existence of oil in the Gran Chaco had something to do with it, but the chief reason was Bolivia's need of a port. "In her disastrous and stupid war against Chile," he points out, "Bolivia lost the whole of her coastline, and with it her port of Arica. From that moment another war became a certainty.... Bolivia was obsessed by the idea that a proper port on the Paraguay River would solve her problems." Peace was signed at Buenos Ayres on June 12, 1935, but Mr. Thompson still sees danger in the general situation. Summing-up, he says: "There is only one possible formula for peace in my opinion, and that is for Chile to cede a mile or two of her long coastline to Bolivia. She won it from Bolivia. She doesn't need it. She must give it back.... South America would like to have these troubles settled finally. If the Hague in the final arbitration awards a port to Bolivia on the Paraguay River south of Bahia Negra there will be another war, and if Bolivia doesn't receive a port somewhere there will be another war. Chile holds the key to peace in South America."

Certain passages in Mr. Thompson's book have special significance for British readers, particularly regarding immigration: "I learned," he writes, "that Adolf Hitler had large schemes to populate this fertile garden of South America, and that a scheme was reaching fulfilment whereby thousands of Germans each year would make their homes

in Paraguay.... I travelled over thousands of square miles of fertile country crying aloud for settlers.... But not English people. These lands are for the peasants of Europe, the Italians, French, Germans, content with the bare simplicity of agricultural existence. We cannot do it.... We can build; we can organise; we can manage—but we are not peasants." The Briton, however, is popular, and has established a reputation for integrity. "The expression 'an Englishman's word,'" we read, "has its own meaning throughout South America. If a South American says 'Palabra Ingles,' you may take his word with complete assurance."

The ways of man in fighting wild beasts of the fiercer sort are vividly represented in an anthology of "close calls" in the jungle, namely, "BIG GAME ENCOUNTERS." Critical Moments in the Lives of Well-Known Shikaris. Edited by Stanley Jepson, Editor of *The Weekly Illustrated of India*. Foreword by Colonel A. I. R. Glasfurd. With Explanatory Chapters on Wild Life. Illustrated (Witherby;

the way, was "shooting" not with the rifle, but with the camera, when he had his marvellous escapes from a tiger and a *musk* elephant.

Regarding the conservation of Indian fauna, Mr. Jepson points out that there would be a universal cry of indignation if such a building as the Taj Mahal were allowed to go to ruin, although as a man-made work it might be restored, yet no such protest arises when several rare (and irreplaceable) species are threatened with extinction. After discussing the question in all its details, he offers much sound and practical advice. "It is surely an anachronism," he declares, "that while most other countries have big-game sanctuaries, India, with her fine religious traditions which give protection to animal life, and with a selection of wild animals amazing in its numbers and variety, was until recently doing nothing to arouse public opinion on this point."

I had never imagined that the tiger could change his stripes, any more than the Ethiopian his skin, or the leopard his spots. It was rather a shock therefore to see in *The Times* the other day a letter headed with the sinister words "Black Tigers." I do not think they occur in a new and well-written book by a contributor to Mr. Jepson's volume—"THE TIGER HUNTERS." By Brigadier-General R. G. Burton. With sixteen Illustrations (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.). General Burton's reminiscences of his early life would have been still more interesting, I think, if he had named people and places.

From his youth upwards he was interested in nature and animal life. His first military service overseas took him to the West Indies, but later he returned to India, his native land. He pays tribute to the hardness of the Victorians who settled in distant lands, "spreading the power and liberties of their race and the justice and freedom that flourish under the British flag throughout the world."

In General Burton's dramatic hunting scenes, Master Stripes plays the star part. Incidentally, the author discusses game preservation on similar lines to those of Mr. Jepson's book. Alluding to tigers and panthers, he writes: "It must not be supposed that these animals are wholly pernicious. Certainly they kill valuable cattle, and it is well that we should reduce their numbers. But they have their uses in the economy of Nature, for they keep down the pig and antelope that ravage the crops unless kept within bounds.... There is another and deeper meaning in these tragedies of Nature. The perfection, development and even the continued existence of species depend largely on the maintenance of predaceous beasts. They are the natural means of providing for the survival of the fittest by the elimination of the weak and diseased."

Tigers are likewise prominent, along with lions and many other beasts, in "FAIR GAME." The Open Air of Four Continents. By Martin Stephens, author of "Unforgiving Minutes." With eleven Illustrations (Murray; 9s.). Here a picturesque style is seasoned with humour. The writer is modern in his ideas of travel. "Imperial Airways," he says, "will take one to one's shooting base either in India or Africa—and there are other lines to other parts of the world—in ten days or less, and the saving of time is enormous.... The

aeroplane should therefore be welcomed, for it brings big-game shooting within the reach of many who would have to forego it. And the more persons taking the right sort of interest in any sport the better. No animal, whether it be the red-deer of Exmoor or the Ovis Ammon of the Himalayas, stands a better chance of survival than by being a beast of venery."

General Burton's chapter on the aboriginal Gonds links up with a fuller account of this Central Indian tribe, by an Oxford man who went to live among them for educational and religious purposes, in "LEAVES FROM THE JUNGLE." Life in a Gond Village. By Verrier Elwin. With seventeen Illustrations (Murray; 9s.). The author, who is described by Romain Rolland as a poet and "a disciple of St. Francis," has withal a genial humour, which bubbles up throughout his diary. It is not, of course, a book of the chase, save in so far as he may be called a "fisher of men." In the notes, however, he refers to the tiger's place in the Gond pharmacopoeia. "The fat of a tiger is considered an excellent medicine for rheumatism and sprains. The tiger's tongue is also supposed to be a very powerful tonic for weakly children."

C. E. B.

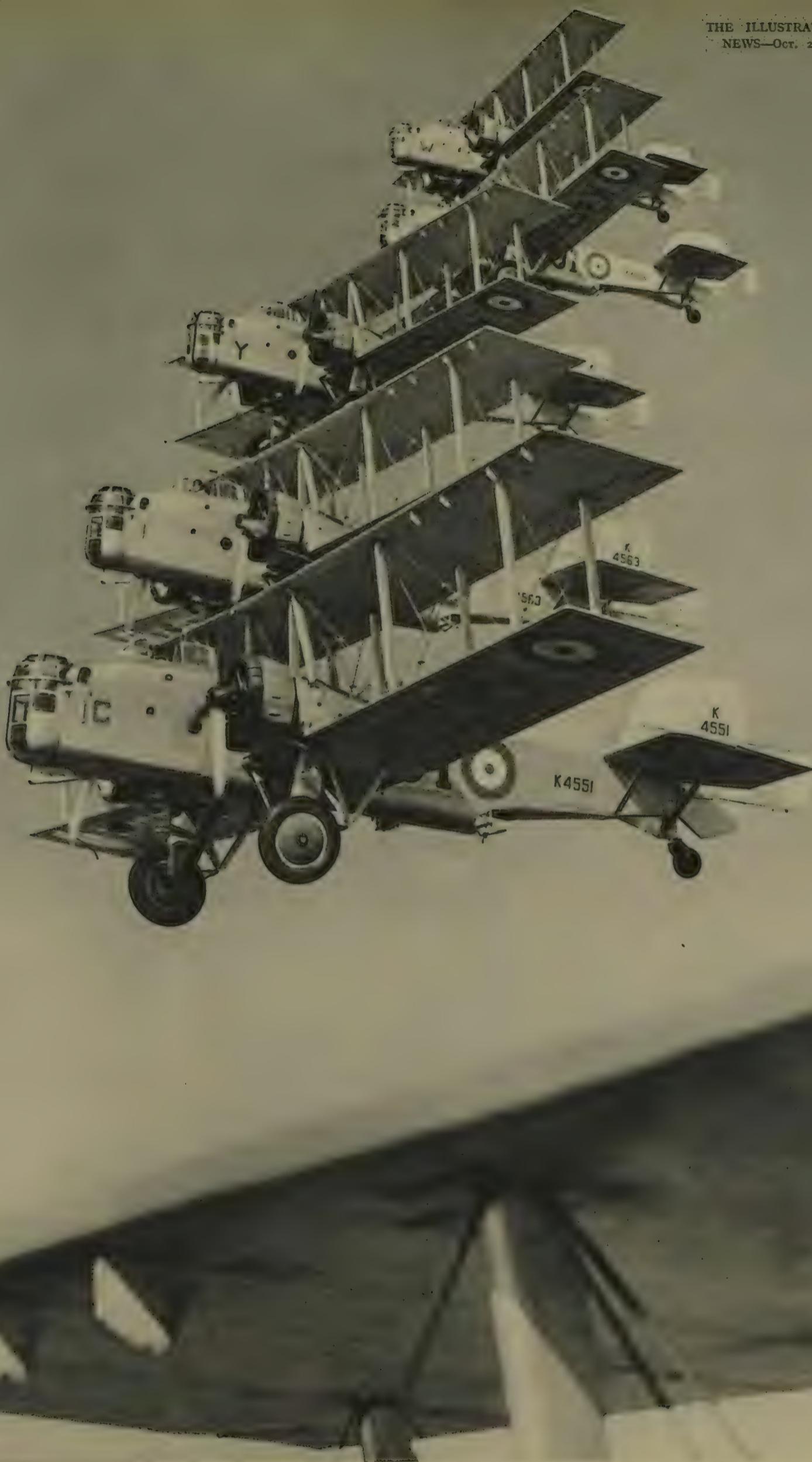


A UNIQUE RELIC: THE DITTY BOX OF A MIDSHIPMAN PRESENT AT TRAFALGAR, AND ITS CONTENTS; OF PARTICULAR INTEREST IN VIEW OF THE RECENT ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE.

October 21 was the 131st anniversary of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson. We illustrate here some deeply interesting relics of the battle—a ditty box (with its contents) that belonged to a midshipman in H.M.S. "Defence" present at the battle. His name was Samuel Enderby. As recorded in Colonel R. H. Mackenzie's "The Trafalgar Roll," Enderby began his career in the Navy, but left as a midshipman and joined the Army, in which he became a Captain. He died in 1873. The objects shown in our photograph are—(1) The ditty box. (2) Razor. (3) Skein of silks. (4) Pin case. (5) Pomade box. (6) Piece of wax. (7) Case with pieces of hair. (8) Hussif. (9) Shaving soap box. (10) Shaving brush. (11) Silk handkerchief bearing owner's name. (12) Bag, marked with his initials. (13) Hair brush. (14) Silk handkerchief. In its completeness this set of the personal possessions of a midshipman who served with Nelson at Trafalgar is considered unique.

8s. 6d.). Here we have a collection of actual experiences richer in thrills than the wildest hunting adventures of fiction. The author has assembled true stories by twenty-five big-game hunters, each describing his tensest moment, modestly placing last his own adventure with three buffaloes. The narrative interest is supplemented by a second section in which the editor discusses animal psychology and makes a strong appeal for the preservation of wild life in India.

One phase of the animal mind here analysed—hypnotism of one creature by another—recalls the recent experiments (illustrated in our pages) in hypnotising chimpanzees at the Zoo. "I believe," writes Mr. Jepson, "that the tiger by his roars, smell and presence exercises a hypnotic influence on all the animals he stalks, as otherwise many of them could run away, being more fleet than he is.... This sense of hypnotism apparently cuts both ways, and at least two of the contributors to this volume (Colonel Etherton and Mr. Champion) stared tigers in the eyes at close quarters and were able to retreat while engaged in this 'staring-out' process." Mr. F. W. Champion, by



UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHS. IV.—FORMATION FLYING BY "OVERSTRAND" LONG-RANGE MEDIUM BOMBERS, WITH THE FORE GUNNER'S TURRET ENCLOSED IN GLASS: A NEW TYPE OF AIRCRAFT FOR THE ROYAL AIR FORCE.

The "Overstrand's" most novel feature is the fore gunner's turret, which is enclosed in glass. This is better than the exposed cockpit, in that, giving protection against wind-pressure and the elements, it enables the gunner to ensure greater accuracy of fire. The machine-gun can be slid up and down through a slot in the rotating turret, which

is opened and closed by means of a "zip" fastener. The turret also renders "bomb-sighting" more efficient. It should be emphasised that the close formation of the bombers is somewhat exaggerated in the photograph, owing to the fact that the camera was sighted from a low angle below the oncoming planes.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE HEATHER BEETLE AND GROUSE DISEASE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

MY newspaper, for some weeks past, has been entertaining me with letters about the heather beetle, which the writers of these letters appear to believe is the cause of grouse disease. And this on account of its attacks on the young heather, which, deprived of its sap, comes to wear a "frosted" appearance and is useless as food for grouse, for on this the birds depend for much of their sustenance. This little pest, less than a quarter of an inch long, is one of the *Chrysomelidae*, a group which contains some 18,000 species, some of them conspicuous for the splendour of their coloration. Its general appearance, much magnified, is shown here. But, as a matter of fact, the heather beetle is not the cause of grouse disease, though it may be said to be a contributory cause. This malady, which at times becomes exceptionally severe, is due to internal parasites largely, a nematode or "thread-worm" (*Strongylus pergracilis*), and three species of tape-worm; while a minute "flagellate" organism destroys the chicks, which die of "coccidiosis," the resting stage of this "flagellate."

These are the "villains of the piece," but they are not the only offenders. Someone has said that "grouse are not birds, but, in a small way, aviating zoological gardens," and this because of the number of their parasites. There are nine species of feather lice and fleas living either among the feathers or on the skin of the bird; and no fewer than fifteen different kinds of animal parasites living either in the food-canal, the lungs, or the liver. Though only the four species already mentioned are numerous enough to cause any great damage to the general health of the bird in normal times, yet, when sickness overtakes it, these all contribute towards its intensity. It is to be borne in mind that it is impossible to find a grouse which is entirely free from these parasites. But so long as they have plenty of good food and

in the form of the disease known as enteritis, which commonly ends fatally. But if the chicks can survive this period unattacked, they usually grow up to furnish sport for August 12. The grouse moor is simply peppered over with millions of the oval capsules which encase these little pests till they are swallowed. If they pass the gizzard uninjured trouble begins, for their prison walls are dissolved by the juices of the upper portion of the gut or duodenum, and they penetrate the walls of these organs. But they also multiply exceedingly in the intestine, finally reaching the blind-gut of which I have spoken, and this ends fatally. I have no space wherein to describe the whole life-history of this malignant organism, because I want to say something of the parasites of the adult.

Let us begin with "Strongylosis," the name of the disease which kills off the adult grouse. This is a "round-worm" or "nematode" (*Trichostyngulus pergracilis*). It is a very minute, slender, transparent creature, less than half an inch in length, found in the gut, but it also invades the cæca—the blind-gut. As many as 10,000 have been taken from one

We come now to the tape-worms of the genus *Davianea*, which heavily infest the small intestines of grouse. Since large tape-worms are found in chicks not three weeks old, it would seem that, as they at this time live largely on insect food, some one or other of these creatures must serve as the intermediate host of this pest. To settle this point it would be necessary to kill and examine the crops of a large number of chicks. What owner of a grouse moor will lay such chicks on the altar of science for the sake of solving this mystery? More use, no doubt, might be made of the victims of coccidiosis than has yet been done. But, since they had long been ailing, it is more than likely that their crops will be found empty.



THE HEATHER BEETLE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM ABOVE: A PEST WHICH INFESTS SOME MOORS TO THE EXTENT OF NEARLY 1½ MILLION BEETLES TO THE ACRE!—AND PLAYS HAVOC WITH THE FOOD-SUPPLY OF THE GROUSE. (LIFE SIZE, APPROXIMATELY 3-16TH IN. LONG.) The adult heather beetle is olive-brown in colour. It is interesting to note that red grouse will not eat the beetle, though black grouse consume large numbers. Its early larval stage is still, it appears, unknown.



THE HEATHER BEETLE (*LOCHMEA SUTURALIS*), A CONTRIBUTORY CAUSE TO THE SPREAD OF GROUSE DISEASE ON THE MOORS: AN INSECT WHICH ATTACKS THE YOUNG HEATHER AND RENDERS IT USELESS AS FOOD FOR THE GROUSE, THUS LOWERING THEIR POWERS OF RESISTANCE TO DISEASE. (HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.)

The heather beetle is not, as is widely believed, the direct cause of grouse disease. This malady is due to internal parasites. However, by damaging the food supply of the grouse it weakens them and renders them more prone to contract diseases. Grouse, it should be pointed out, are commonly infested with an astonishing number of external and internal parasites. It is suggested that over-stocking is ultimately at the bottom of the trouble.

grit—a most important item commonly overlooked—all goes well. The starting-point of failing health seems to be an innutritious diet, which lowers their vitality.

Three species of tape-worm infest the grouse's alimentary canal, but not the great blind-gut or cæca. There are a pair of these long pouches, and they form the special habitation of that minute protozoan known as *Eimeria avium*, which also penetrates the lining membrane of the upper part of the gut, gradually destroying it, thereby setting up digestive troubles

bird! It is not surprising that the host wastes away and dies. These worms lay hundreds of eggs, which are constantly being scattered over the moor in the bird's droppings. Here, after hatching, they go into a resting stage, and then emerge as active larvæ, which writh and wriggle and crawl till they reach the stem and leaves and flowers of the heather. Here they wait patiently to be eaten alive!—in other words, to be swallowed with the heather-tips. In no fewer than four days, they in turn are shedding ripe eggs to continue this work of infestation.

By the way, it is quite possible that the heather beetle or dung fly may serve as a carrier of the spores of the coccidiosis organism or of this tape-worm. How it has come about that these parasitic creatures are so commonly unable to complete their development without passing through two totally different hosts—a beetle, snail, or slug, for example—for the period of what we may call their infancy, and some vertebrate to complete their development, is one of the strangest things in Nature. The tape-worm's eggs hatch on the ground, and here, after a number of distinct developmental stages, become larvæ, ready to be swallowed by the grouse; and within this new victim they undergo three more stages before the adult stage is reached! Whether, after the eggs leave the grouse, they are ever to develop into larvæ capable of infecting fresh victims depends on the state of the heather, for they must find young heather-tops full of sap, which are the bait for the victims.

Wet patches on moors are essential for the growth of all these parasites. But there is yet another important factor which promotes their growth, and this is over-stocking. The owners of grouse moors and their keepers persecute what they are pleased to call "vermin" with a fanatical zeal, and thereby deprive the countryside of some of its most interesting inhabitants and posterity of their rightful heritage. Eagles and peregrines, for example, are well worth a few grouse. And besides, by picking off the weakly birds they are contributing in no small measure to ensure a healthy stock. That the numbers of the many enemies of grouse, feathered or furred, must be kept within limits will be admitted, for they tend to increase with their food supply. But for the prevailing ferocious persecution there is no excuse.

A SAND MONSTER THAT ENGULFS A FOREST: THE DUNE OF LE PILAT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MOULS, JOVE, BUFFAULT, AND DUTHU.



1928: A SMALL HOUSE IN A CLEARING, STILL FREE FROM THE SAND DUNE ADVANCING TOWARDS IT—TO BE COMPARED WITH THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SAME HOUSE BELOW.



THE MOVING SAND DUNE OF LE PILAT, NEAR BORDEAUX, SEEN FROM THE SOUTH: ITS SUMMIT, 374 FEET HIGH; AND (RIGHT) THE FOREST UPON WHICH IT IS ADVANCING AT A SPEED OF 36 FEET PER YEAR.



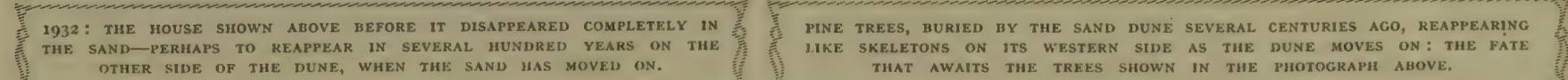
1930: THE HOUSE SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE WHEN THE SAND HAD REACHED IT TWO YEARS LATER—THE BACK PART OF THE BUILDING ALREADY ENGULFED BY THE ADVANCING MASS OF SAND.



THE EASTERN SIDE OF THE DUNE: AN AVALANCHE OF SAND SLOWLY DEVOURING THE PINE FOREST, WHICH RETARDS BUT CANNOT STOP ITS FORWARD MOVEMENT, AND IS GRADUALLY BURIED BENEATH THE SAND.



1932: THE HOUSE SHOWN ABOVE BEFORE IT DISAPPEARED COMPLETELY IN THE SAND—PERHAPS TO REAPPEAR IN SEVERAL HUNDRED YEARS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DUNE, WHEN THE SAND HAS MOVED ON.



PINE TREES, BURIED BY THE SAND DUNE SEVERAL CENTURIES AGO, REAPPEARING LIKE SKELETONS ON ITS WESTERN SIDE AS THE DUNE MOVES ON: THE FATE THAT AWAITS THE TREES SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE.

The moving sand dune of Le Pilat, near Arcachon, on the French coast southwest of Bordeaux, is one of the natural wonders of the world and at the same time a monster of destruction. With a summit 374 feet above the sea, it is the highest sand dune in Europe. It stretches for nearly three miles along the coast and grows in height and extent perpetually. Pushed by the wind, it advances ever eastwards, retiring before the sea which follows it, and crushing a rich pine forest beneath it as it moves forward. Careful calculations have shown that the

dune is advancing at a speed of 36 feet per year at the part where it moves most quickly, and the photographs on the left, taken at two-year intervals, show how rapidly and how completely all the obstacles in its path become engulfed. The forest trees seem not to lose their vitality as the weight of sand moves over them, and sometimes, when all but their very tops are swallowed, what remains is still verdant; but soon they are devoured completely—perhaps to reappear some centuries later as blackened sticks on the western side of the dune.

HOW AN ARTIST SAW
CHINA IN THE THIRD
CENTURY B.C.:
TOMB TILES FROM
OLD LOYANG, HONAN.

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF THE ROYAL ONTARIO
MUSEUM OF ARCHAEOLOGY, TORONTO.

THERE can be no doubt as to the importance of the Loyang tomb tiles illustrated on this and the succeeding pages. One authority (Mr. Arthur Sowerby, Editor of "The China Journal") has not hesitated to declare that they are "amongst the most important [Continued on right.]



A TIGER IN A SOMEWHAT NATURALISTIC STYLE; WITH STYLISED BIRDS AND "WINGED" HORSES: AN INK-SQUEEZE OF ONE SIDE OF A TILE FROM A TOMB AT OLD LOYANG, HONAN.



SOLDIERS IN VOLUMINOUS GARMENTS CARRYING HALBERDS; HORSES WITH WING DESIGNS ON THEIR "SHOULDERS"; AND BIRDS: THE PATTERN STAMPED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TILE ILLUSTRATED ABOVE.

archaeological discoveries that have yet been made"; while Dr. Carl Bishop, of the Smithsonian Institute, has written (in the same paper) of the rubbings, or ink-squeezes, taken from the tiles, that their "artistic merit and archaeological interest are alike exceptional." Bishop White, an authority on the Old Loyang tombs who is well known to our readers, in a description of the tiles which will be found on a later page, makes the interesting suggestion that these particular tiles were all the work of one artist. If this is the case, there can be no question that the man's individuality retains its force, and that his powers of observation of nature, combined with his sensitive feeling for line and rhythm and, above all, his capacity as a designer, still speak to us as clearly across the interval of two thousand years as they must have done to his own Chinese contemporaries.



A CHINESE "STREET SCENE" OF THE THIRD CENTURY B.C. RECORDED ON A LOYANG TOMB TILE: FOUR TYPES—(LEFT TO RIGHT)—AN OLD MAN; A CONFUCIAN SCHOLAR WITH HIS BAMBOO BOOK; AND AN OLD WOMAN BEING MET BY A YOUNG GIRL. (LENGTH, 6 FT.)

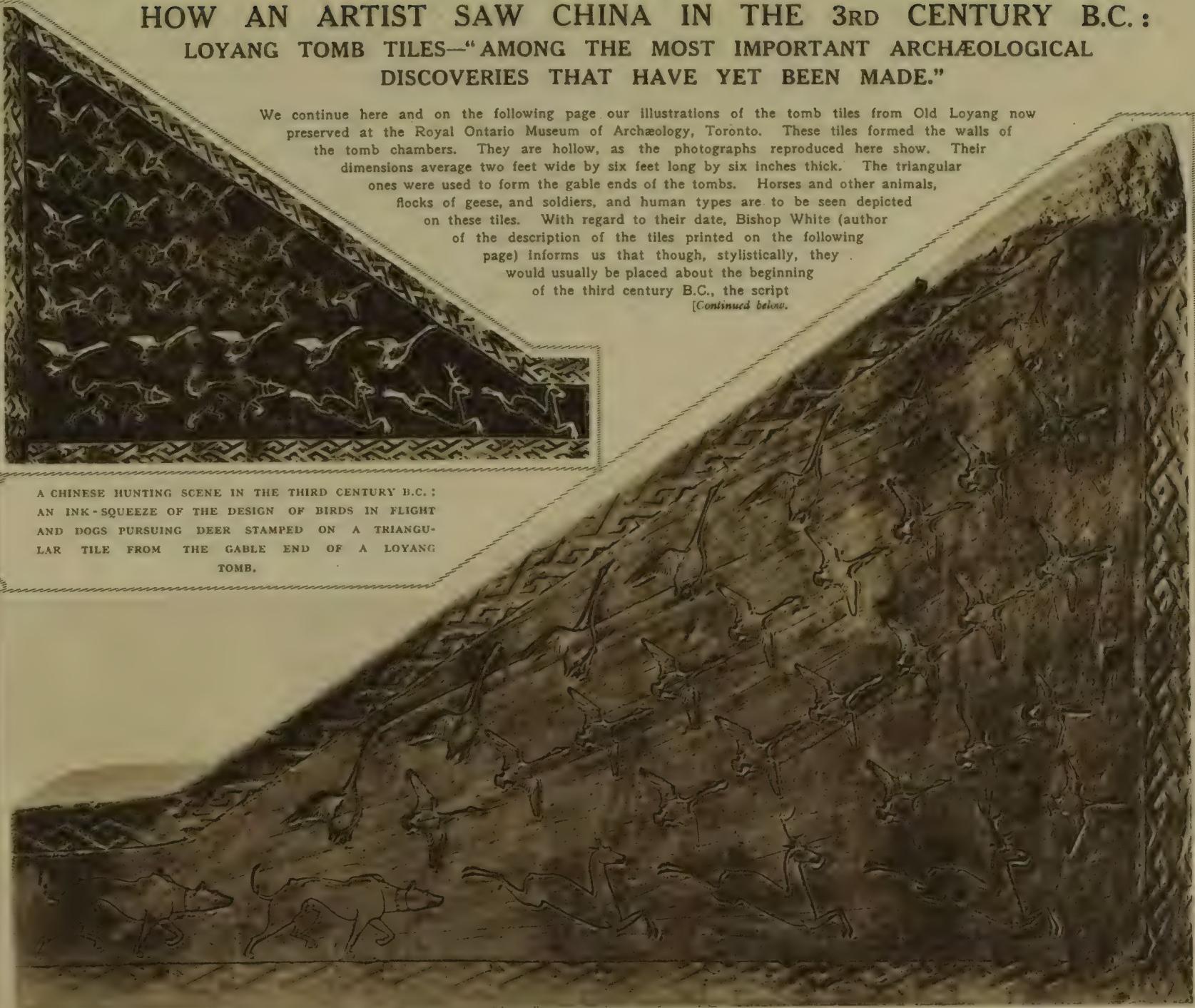


ANOTHER CHINESE "SCENE" ON A TOMB TILE: SOLDIERS WEARING SWORDS AND BEARING DAGGER-AXES; A SPOTTED LEOPARD; TWO HORSES, ONE WITH A CLIPPED AND NOTCHED MANE, AND THE OTHER WEARING A KIND OF BRIDLE OR HEAD-COLLAR; AND A STYLISED BIRD AT THE TOP OF A WU-TUNG TREE.

HOW AN ARTIST SAW CHINA IN THE 3RD CENTURY B.C.:

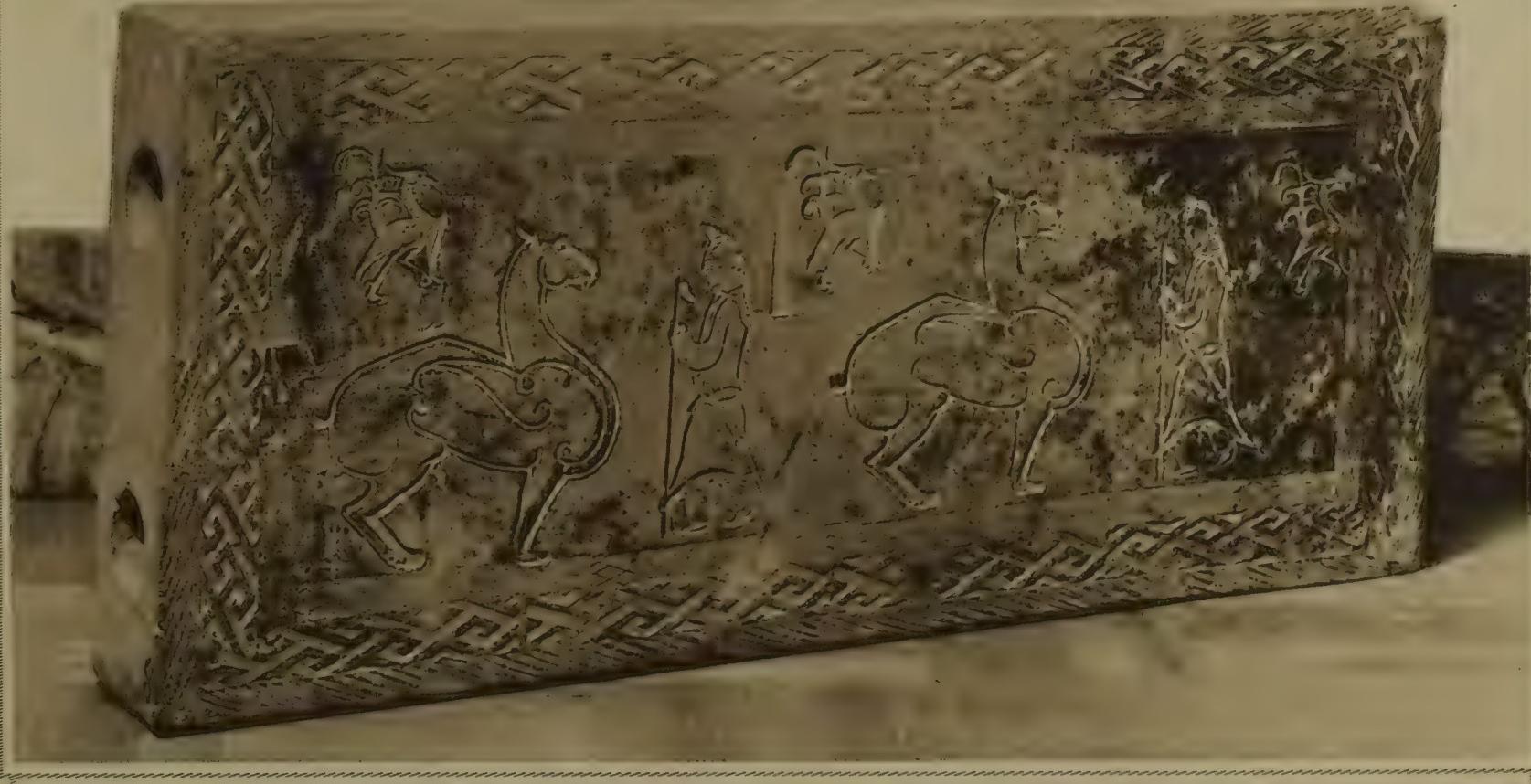
LOYANG TOMB TILES—"AMONG THE MOST IMPORTANT ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES THAT HAVE YET BEEN MADE."

We continue here and on the following page our illustrations of the tomb tiles from Old Loyang now preserved at the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology, Toronto. These tiles formed the walls of the tomb chambers. They are hollow, as the photographs reproduced here show. Their dimensions average two feet wide by six feet long by six inches thick. The triangular ones were used to form the gable ends of the tombs. Horses and other animals, flocks of geese, and soldiers, and human types are to be seen depicted on these tiles. With regard to their date, Bishop White (author of the description of the tiles printed on the following page) informs us that though, stylistically, they would usually be placed about the beginning of the third century B.C., the script [Continued below.]



A CHINESE HUNTING SCENE IN THE THIRD CENTURY B.C.: AN INK-SQUEEZE OF THE DESIGN OF BIRDS IN FLIGHT AND DOGS PURSUING DEER STAMPED ON A TRIANGULAR TILE FROM THE GABLE END OF A LOYANG TOMB.

A CHINESE HUNTING SCENE OF THE THIRD CENTURY B.C., WITH DOGS PURSUING DEER, AND FLOCKS OF BIRDS IN FLIGHT: A PHOTOGRAPH OF A COMPANION TILE TO THAT ILLUSTRATED ABOVE; WITH A STYLISED DESIGN THAT REPRODUCES EFFECTS OF MOTION WITH ASTONISHING FORCE.



CHINESE SOLDIERS BEARING SWORDS AND STAFFS; AND HORSES: A THIRD-CENTURY B.C. RECTANGULAR POTTERY TOMB TILE FROM LOYANG WITH A STAMPED DESIGN THAT ALSO INCLUDES STYLISED BIRDS. (LENGTH, 4 FEET.)

written on the tiles, as well as that incised on the end of one of them, is of a style that dates from the end of the Warring States (221 B.C.) and before the Han (206 B.C.) style came into use. This makes them about coeval with the Second Punic War in the History of the West.

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF THE ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM OF ARCHAEOLOGY, TORONTO.

A "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON" ON A 3RD-CENTURY B.C. TILE; AND OTHER WORKS FROM THE LOYANG TOMBS.

REPRODUCTION BY COURTESY OF THE ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM OF ARCHAEOLOGY, TORONTO

Bishop White, who holds the position of Keeper of the East Asiatic Collection at the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology, Toronto, is already well known to our readers by his accounts of the discoveries that have been made of recent years among the tombs of Old Loyang, in the province of Honan. These discoveries have thrown much light on life in China in early times. We illustrate on this and the preceding pages a number of designs on tiles from Loyang; and also print, below, a description of them by Bishop White. These designs display a remarkable naturalism which is in contrast to the style of the majority of the tomb tiles, and is perhaps due to the fact that these particular examples were all the work of one artist. They date from about 220 B.C.—a date approximating to that of the second Punic War in the History of the West. (It will be recalled that Hannibal crossed the Alps in 218). Some seventy of these tiles are preserved at the Royal Ontario Museum, an institution which has one of the finest public collections of Chinese treasures outside China.

THE valley of the Lo River in Western Honan has been considered holy ground, for it was the source and centre of ancient Chinese life and culture. The several cities named Loyang were at different times located at various places in the valley, and these cities were the seat of the court in successive periods of Chinese history, including more particularly the Eastern Chou, the Eastern Han (206 B.C.-220 A.D.) and a part of the T'ang (618-906 A.D.) dynasties. Loyang might well

[Continued below on left.]



A THIRD-CENTURY B.C. DESIGN OF CRANES, OR WOOD-IBIS, ONE IN A MOST REALISTIC ATTITUDE: AN INK-SQUEEZE OF A DETAIL OF THE PATTERN ON A TOMB TILE FROM OLD LOYANG.



A CHINESE PARALLEL TO ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON?—AN INK-SQUEEZE OF A SINGULARLY FINE DESIGN ON A LOYANG TOMB TILE; SHOWING A WARRIOR, ARMED WITH SWORD AND SHIELD, IN THE ATTITUDE OF ATTACKING A MONSTER (HIS LEFT-HANDEDNESS THE RESULT OF THE REVERSAL OF THE WOODEN STAMP).



A STYLISED BIRD—PERHAPS DERIVED FROM THE JUNGLE FOWL, OR THE DOMESTIC COCKEREL—HOLDING A PEARL IN ITS BEAK: A CHINESE MOTIF WHICH GOES BACK AT LEAST TO THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C. STAMPED ON A LOYANG TILE.

Continued.

be called the Thebes of China, for not only does it provide historic parallels with that of ancient Thebes, but tombs of kings and high officials of old China are strewn throughout the valley and in the foothills of the Mang Mountains, which at this point form the watershed of the Lo River along its northern bank. Public sentiment and rigid laws have always been opposed to the disturbance of ancient tombs in China, but the coming of railways and motor-highways has of necessity desecrated thousands of tombs, and one result has been a plethora of archaeological material. The railway which

[Continued in centre.]

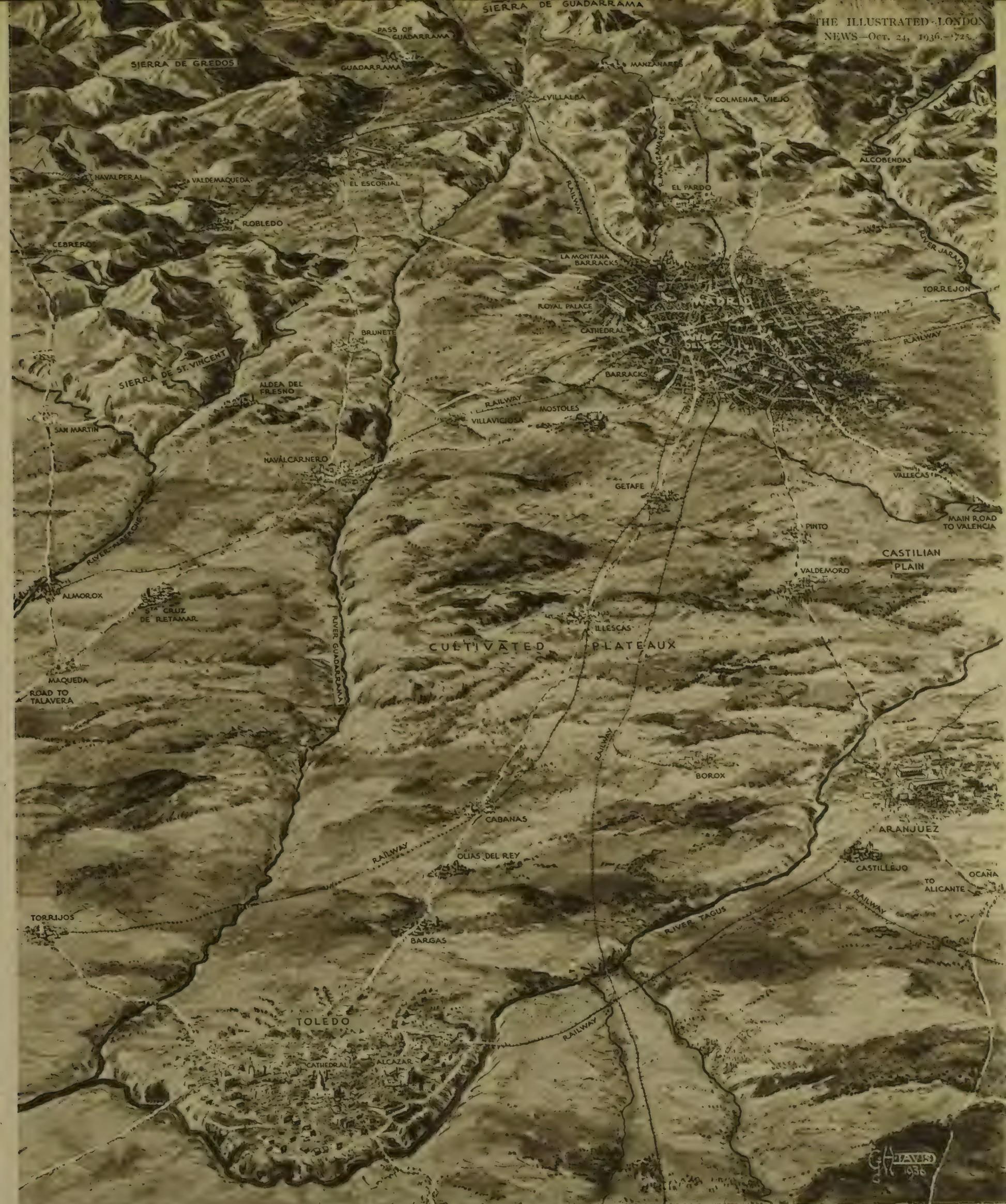
Continued.

have meant the irretrievable loss of much information which might have thrown light on early periods of Chinese culture. Most of the designs of the Han tiles were highly conventional in style, but a few had been stamped in a style of naturalistic linear design very different from the others. All that are known of this group so far appear to be the work of a single artist, but who he was no man knows, though his drawings bespeak a master hand. Some of these special tiles have found their way to collections in different parts of the world, and no less than seventy are housed in the Royal Ontario Museum of Toronto. They are without doubt the most important pictorial representations of Chinese life and customs of the pre-Christian era which are known to us, and their comprehensive study, yet to be undertaken by some expert, should prove most valuable and interesting. Perhaps the most striking design is that of the dragon, which is found in two forms, and on both rectangular and triangular tiles. One form is simply the dragon by itself, while the other is surmounted by a swordsman, with a short sword uplifted in his left hand and a shield in his right hand—a veritable Chinese St. George and the Dragon.—W. C. WHITE.



A BIRD OF A CRANE TYPE ON A LOYANG TILE: ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF EXTREMELY DECORATIVE SIMPLIFICATION WITHOUT LOSS OF FORCE OR SPONTANEITY.

[Continued above on right.]



THE REBEL ADVANCE ON THE SPANISH CAPITAL: A PICTORIAL MAP SHOWING THE "PINCE" MOVEMENT ON MADRID.
LOCALITIES WHERE IMPORTANT ACTIONS WERE FOUGHT, AND GENERAL FEATURES OF THE REGION.

This pictorial map is designed to assist our readers in following the recent movements of the rebel forces as they advanced towards Madrid, by indicating the general features of the surrounding country and the positions of places where important actions were fought. As the military situation changes from day to day, it is of course impossible to say what it may be by the time these lines appear. At the moment of writing, however, we may recall that the insurgents advanced on Madrid mainly from Toledo in the south, along the Alberche river in the south-west, and from the Guadarrama line in the north-west. On October 17, it was stated, a rebel column moving north from Toledo crushed the Government's first line of defences, and on the 18th captured Illescas, the only large town between Toledo and Madrid and 22 miles from the latter. The Government troops were then driven past their second line of

defences (which ran in a semi-circle round Madrid through Navalcarnero and Aranjuez) to a point only 16 miles from the capital. On the Alberche line the Moorish troops serving with the rebels had the advantage of operating in mountainous country like their own in Morocco, and carried out successful outflanking movements at Maqueda and Aldea del Fresno, where they turned a Government position near San Martin. Meanwhile, in the north-west, rebel troops on October 17 captured the stronghold of Robleda de Chavela, about 30 miles from Madrid, after a fierce three-days' battle. Robleda was described as practically the last defensive Government position on that front, and the only barrier to an advance on the Escorial, the ancient royal palace in the hills. As its fall would have a great moral effect, observers expected that the fighting there would prove decisive.

SPAIN'S AGONY.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE SPANISH TRAGEDY—1930-1936": By E. ALLISON PEERS.*

(PUBLISHED BY METHUEN.)

"NEVER, gentlemen, while in my hands, shall authority be weakened! Never, while in my hands, shall the Government of my country be the object of contempt, scorn and reviling! Never in this ministry shall there be hesitancy in the service of the commonwealth! The Republic belongs to us all. Woe to the man who dares to lift his hand against it!"—Señor Azcaña, Prime Minister and subsequently President of the Spanish Republic, in October 1931.

"Let the worst of these accusations stand—on both sides. The fact remains that, on both sides, courage, devotion to duty, contempt of life, disinterestedness in leadership, shine with an equal light, and that therefore neither side can be accused of waging this war, for unworthy, mean, or self-seeking purposes."—Señor Salvador de Madariaga, on October 11th, 1936.

"There may be various opinions about kings, presidents, statesmen, demagogues and party politicians, but nobody who knows Spain, and to whom she is a second home, can have the smallest doubt as to the intrinsic greatness of her people. . . . For she still retains those essential virtues without which, in the old warlike Europe, she could never have enjoyed her splendid past; and those same virtues, in the new Europe, now struggling, like herself, in the throes of rebirth, will give her a still more splendid future."—Professor E. Allison Peers, in the volume under review.

Brave words, all of them. And it is in the atmosphere of just such brave words that the whole Spanish Tragedy has been enacted. Every leader of every junta has uttered them in ringing tones, and, doubtless, with deep conviction. "So are they all, all honourable men." Honourably, and to the accompaniment of the most resonant rhetoric, they have torn Spain limb from limb. Let us, guided by the plain and impartial statement of Professor Peers, follow the activities of these patriots in the pursuit of their ideals.

Spain had less cause than most European countries to feel the effects of the Great War; nevertheless, she showed every sign of disintegration in the immediately post-war period, and in 1923 Primo de Rivera, Marqués de Estella, established a military dictatorship. The King accepted the régime, and for that illegal and unconstitutional act (as his opponents maintained) he subsequently lost his throne. We say it without the least bias, or without the smallest sympathy for military dictatorships, but every impartial reader of Mr. Peers' political chronicle will feel that in Spain's recent history the six years of dictatorship were incomparably the most tranquil and prosperous. Unfortunately, however, Primo de Rivera was not a great man, and did not behave as such. He bears the responsibility of having set a fashion in autocratic measures, though his repressions were child's play as compared with those which were to follow; and, in particular, he showed himself both obstinate and unwise over the question of Catalonian autonomy. The exasperation which he caused swelled the tide of Republicanism until, upon his retirement, the municipal elections showed that tide to be irresistible. Rather than precipitate civil

war (which he could easily have done) the King left the country. Thus occurred the Bloodless Revolution. "The oldest monarchy in Europe," proudly wrote Señor Zamora, the future President, "had gone down before the indomitable will of the people." And he added—that statesman who himself was afterwards to be deposed by the same indomitable will of the same people—the country was in a state of complete and beatific tranquillity.

was the description used by a later Government—but, unhappily, it did not seem to inaugurate the millennium as rapidly or as decisively as Señor Zamora hoped. Disorders began at once, chiefly in Andalusia. Primo's arbitrariness was soon outdone by numerous expedients for suppressing "acts of aggression against the Republic" (known elsewhere as "counter-revolutionary activity"). It was not long before men could be deprived of their livelihood, and even put on trial, for the grave offence of "incompatibility with the régime." The ancient peace of Spanish villages was suddenly rent by savage internecine conflict, inflamed by the Government's anti-clerical measures. There was indiscipline everywhere; a loosening of all restraints, and many signs of deterioration in the general life of the people. There was an ugly rising in Madrid, and a serious revolt in Seville under General Sanjurjo—both of which threats the Government survived. Eight Madrid newspapers were suspended, and the right of free speech, so eloquently guaranteed by the Constitution, became the emptiest sham. Catalonia, soothed and bribed with promises, was highly dissatisfied with their hesitating fulfilment. Finance had by this time become so Gilbertian that nobody bothered about it. (No Government in Spain, between 1932 and 1935, even attempted to present a budget.) The Government could point to no positive achievement except a certain advance in popular education.

After two years of this tragic-comedy, men grew tired of it, and there was another landslide. From November 1933 to January 1936 the country was to enjoy the blessings of Centre-Right Government. It proved to be scarcely a whit better than its predecessor. There now set in "a period of political lethargy, with continually changing Governments, hopeless confusion in the Cortes, unrest (though less than before) in the country, and one black page of strife hardly distinguishable from civil war standing between the first of the two years and the second." The "black page of strife" was, of course, the Asturias rebellion—a ferocious affair in which over thirteen hundred people were killed and nearly three thousand wounded; a foretaste, in short, of the passions which are now ravaging Spain. The curtain-raiser to this butchery had been a revolt in Barcelona. The country lived in a chronic State of Alarm, scarcely distinguishable from the State of Martial Law. Strikes (including one almost complete general strike) were unceasing. The religious issue remained as acute as ever; churches and convents blazed merrily throughout the land. A spirited but ineffectual attempt was made by a new Finance Minister to grapple with the deficit of 750 million pesetas. The sixth Cabinet crisis within twelve months proved fatal, and the Frente Popular took control—if it can be so called—at the end of 1935.

This fusion, which has been hailed by a certain section of opinion in England as the guardian of sacred Liberal traditions, consists of the following elements: Republican Left,

Republican Union, Socialists, Syndicalists, Anarchists, Marxists, and Communists. It will not surprise any unprepossessed person to learn that under such a hydra-headed monster, all the evil old elements both of Left and of Right not only remained, but were swiftly intensified. Within a few weeks, law and order, in any real sense, ceased

(Continued on page 750.)



TYPICAL DEFENDERS OF THE SPANISH REPUBLIC ON THE HUESCA FRONT: MEN OF THE GOVERNMENT FORCES—INTERESTING FACIAL EXPRESSIONS INDICATING THE GRAVITY AND SEVERITY OF THE NATIONAL CHARACTER.



FROM COLLEGE TO BATTLEFIELD IN THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR: THE LEADER OF A MACHINE-GUN SECTION OF A MARXIST WORKMEN'S ORGANISATION SUPPORTING THE GOVERNMENT ON THE HUESCA FRONT; FORMERLY A STUDENT.

The photographs on this page are of interest as showing representative types of men engaged, on both sides, in the Spanish Civil War. It may be recalled that the transport of Moroccan troops into Spain, to serve with the insurgents, has been facilitated recently by the activities of two rebel cruisers, which sank a Government destroyer and dominated the straits. Other Spanish types appear on the opposite page.



A MOROCCAN TYPE WITH THE SPANISH INSURGENTS: A SOLDIER OF THE REBEL FORCES FROM NORTH AFRICA WATCHING GOVERNMENT AIRCRAFT ENGAGED IN RAIDING THE TOWN OF ANTEQUERA, IN THE PROVINCE OF MALAGA.

A Government of the Left entered on office and, after much travail, presented the country with a fine new constitution. The Government was so proud of this document, that copies of it, "gaily bound in paper of yellow, red and purple, were distributed to the crowds." It was full of elevated principles and sentiments—"speculative fervour"

* "The Spanish Tragedy—1930-1936." By E. Allison Peers, Professor of Spanish in the University of Liverpool. (Methuen and Co.; 10s. 6d.)

SPANISH MANHOOD IN CIVIL WAR: TYPES OF GOVERNMENT SOLDIERS.



TYPES OF SPANISH MANHOOD ON THE GOVERNMENT SIDE: MILITIAMEN LISTENING TO AN ADDRESS FROM AN OFFICER AT A SOLDIERS' COUNCIL.



A CONFIDENT AND ARTICULATE TYPE CONTRASTING WITH SOME OF THE OTHERS: A BETTER-EQUIPPED SPANIARD MAKING A SPEECH.



LITERALLY, AT THE FEET OF A MILITARY MENTOR: A TYPICAL YOUNG SPANIARD OF THE GOVERNMENT ARMY, WITH A HALF-SMOKE CIGARETTE BEHIND HIS EAR.



AMONG A MULTITUDE OF TYPES FORMING THE RANK AND FILE OF THE GOVERNMENT FORCES: ONE LOOKING LIKELY TO NEED DISCIPLINE.



EXPRESSIVE FACIAL TYPES: YOUNG SPANISH GOVERNMENT SOLDIERS UNCONSCIOUSLY REGISTERING BEWILDERED INTEREST IN ARGUMENTS THEY APPARENTLY FAIL TO GRASP.

Taken in conjunction with those given opposite, these illustrations show an interesting variety of facial types among the men opposing the rebels in the Spanish Civil War. According to a note supplied with the above photographs, they were taken "at a soldiers' council in the Government army." During recent fighting near Cordoba, officers leading the Government troops ordered a retreat, but the militiamen disputed the necessity for it. A Council of Officers and Men

was then formed, and representatives of both addressed the meeting. The officers explained the reasons for a retreat, but expressed willingness to abide by the Council's decision, and a vote of confidence in them was passed. It was decided, however, that operations should be controlled by the Council. After the rebels took Toledo, it was reported, the Government authorities realised the need of stricter discipline in the militia, and steps were taken to fuse it with the regular army.

THE LONDON "H.Q." OF A DIVIDED NATION: THE SPANISH EMBASSY.



PRIVATE APARTMENTS OF THE SPANISH EMBASSY AT 24 BELGRAVE SQUARE: THE FAMILY DINING-ROOM—WITH A TAPESTRY, "THE TOILET OF VENUS."



A CORNER OF THE BALLROOM: A VIEW SHOWING TWO EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CARTOONS FOR TAPESTRIES, BY BAYEU (RIGHT) AND CASTILLO.



SIXTEENTH-CENTURY SPANISH FURNITURE AT THE SPANISH EMBASSY: A VARGUENO (WRITING CABINET) AND A CHAIR.



ART TREASURES AT THE SPANISH EMBASSY: A PORTRAIT OF QUEEN JUANA OF CASTILE (SPANISH SCHOOL, SIXTEENTH CENTURY).



SIXTEENTH-CENTURY SPANISH FURNITURE AT THE SPANISH EMBASSY: A CABINET IN EBONY, TORTOISESHELL AND BRONZE; AND A CHAIR.



IN THE DRAWING-ROOM: A TAPESTRY, "APOLLO AND THE MUSES" (LEFT); SPANISH DAMASK WALL-HANGINGS; A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PORTUGUESE TAPESTRY (OVER MANTELPIECE); AND A SPANISH CEILING.



IN THE STATE DINING-ROOM: SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BRUSSELS TAPESTRIES, THE LEFT ONE REPRESENTING THE SORCERESS ARMIDA ABDUCING THE CRUSADER RINALDO, IN HER MAGIC CHARIOT.

With Spain in its present disastrous condition of civil strife, a dramatic interest attaches to the Spanish Embassy in London, at 24, Belgrave Square, which has recently again received a new occupant. On October 2 it was announced that the new Spanish Ambassador to Great Britain, Don Pablo de Azcarate, had reached Croydon by air on the previous night, and was met there by Mr. J. B. Monck on behalf of the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Eden. Don Pablo, who relinquished his post as Assistant Secretary-General of the League of Nations in order to take

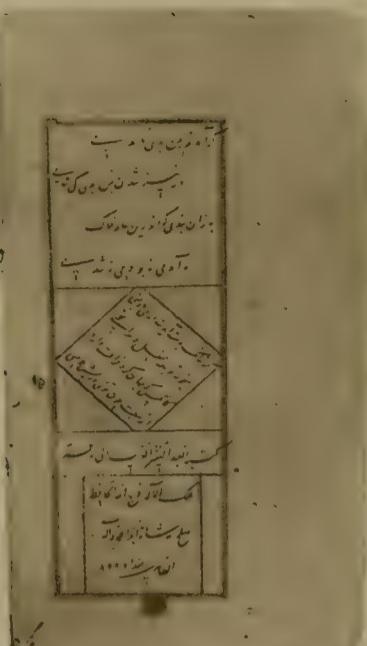
up his new post, succeeds as Ambassador Señor Olivan, who resigned on August 28, though he had only been appointed in July. On his arrival Don Pablo was reported to have stated, in answer to enquiries: "I can say nothing until I have settled down here. I have just come from Geneva, and, of course, I have not been in full touch with affairs." As our photographs show, the Embassy is magnificently furnished and decorated, and contains some interesting art treasures, especially tapestries, and Spanish furniture of the 16th century.

MATTERS OF MOMENT IN THE ART WORLD: EXHIBITED WORKS; A "LOT."



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK (FROM OCTOBER 22)
AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A ROCK CRYSTAL BOWL. (MUGHAL; SEVENTEEN CENTURY.)

India has always been famous for its precious and semi-precious stones. The camelions of the Deccan were sought for in the earliest times, and are still widely exported; and the fashion for making cups and other ornaments out of jade was taken over many centuries ago from China. Rock crystal is a material so beautiful in itself that it has generally been made use of in periods of luxury and splendour: a conspicuous example of this is to be found in the crystal vessels carved for the Fatimid Dynasty in Egypt. It does not appear to have been worked in India before the reign of Shah Jahan (1628-1658), when, like jade, it was used chiefly for wine-cups and receptacles for cosmetics. The design on this beautiful bowl is typical of the delicate use of flower motives which is a feature of all the art of the period.



TO BE AUCTIONED: A PAGE FROM A MANUSCRIPT OF THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM WHICH CONTAINS TWO EXTRA QUATRAINS.

The MS., which is inscribed "Written at Bagdad by Hafiz Faraj-Ullah," and dated 868 A.H. (1463-4 A.D.), is to be sold at Sotheby's on November 9. It consists of twenty-five leaves and contains 145 quatrains, two of which are not found elsewhere. There are three quatrains to a page, except on the first page, where there are two, the central rubai written in a square frame.



NOW IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY: "ST. JEROME IN A ROCKY LANDSCAPE."—BY JOACHIM PATINIR. (BORN c. 1485.)

This interesting Patinir was bequeathed to the National Gallery by Mrs. Henry Oppenheimer, and is now to be seen there. It is a panel measuring 14½ by 13½ inches. The artist, a Flemish romantic, of whose life-story little is known, was working in Antwerp between 1515 and 1524. A painting by him was given in colour in our issue of April 18. We titled it: "A 'Clyde' Shipbuilding Scene of the Early Sixteenth Century" and noted that it was of great rarity.



THE ONLY WORK BY AN ENGLISH ARTIST TO RECEIVE AN AWARD AT PITTSBURG:
"THE LAKE, REGENT'S PARK."—BY EVE KIRK.

At the 1936 Carnegie Institute International Exhibition of Modern Paintings at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Eve Kirk's "The Lake, Regent's Park," was awarded the First Honourable Mention, carrying with it 400 dollars. The First Prize—and 1000 dollars—went to Leon Kroll (American) for his "The Road from the Cove"; the second to Pierre Bonnard (French) for his "Breakfast Table"; the third to Pedro de Valencia (Spanish) for his "Spring." There are 323 paintings on exhibition—95 by American artists and the rest by artists born in other countries.



LENT TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY, AND NOW TO BE SEEN THERE: "THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS." (SCHOOL OF DOMENICO VENEZIANO, WHO DIED IN 1461.)

This panel, which measures 15½ by 19½ inches, and was, no doubt, part of a piece of furniture, has been lent to the Gallery by Sir William Burrell. Others of the type from the workshop of Domenico Veneziano are known, but none has the advantage of such an attractive and unusual subject. It is of less importance than the "Virgin and Child" by Bellini, also lent by Sir William Burrell, but its charm is undeniable. It hangs in Room II. The Bellini is in Room VI. The Patinir, also illustrated, is in Room XV.



LENT TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY, AND NOW TO BE SEEN THERE: "THE VIRGIN AND CHILD."—BY GIOVANNI BELLINI. (c. 1426-1516.)

This important panel of "The Virgin and Child," by Bellini (also lent by Sir William Burrell) comes from the Barberini Collection, where it had been so disfigured by dirt and repaint as to be attributed to Bellini's pupil, Rondinelli. Only since cleaning have the delicate colour and fine modelling become visible. The picture was evidently one of Bellini's most popular works, as a great number of studio replicas are known. One of these (dated 1489) gives a clue to the date of the original. It measures 24½ by 18½ inches.



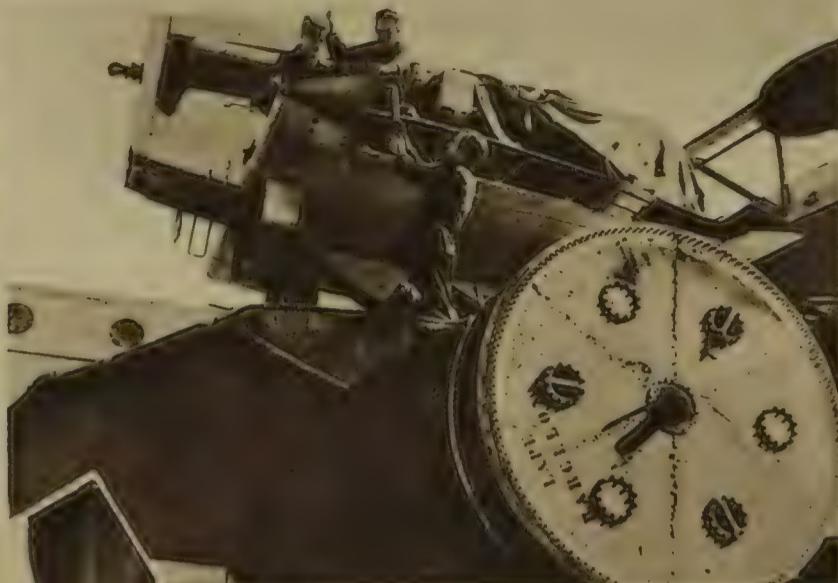
CAPTURED REBELS (SOME WITH THEIR HANDS TIED BEHIND THEIR BACKS) ESCORTED BY ARMED MILITIAMEN : PRISONERS TAKEN IN BATTLE ON THE ARAGON FRONT.

One of the most deplorable phases of the Spanish Civil War is the extent to which it involved women and children, not only as sufferers from the loss of their menfolk, but as themselves participants. Many women have enrolled as combatants on both sides, and from a photograph now given it appears that even a young school-girl of twelve is alleged to have killed five rebels in the fighting at Toledo.

One illustration shows a photograph of a famous woman

(Continued below.)

THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR AT AN ACUTE STAGE : A STRUGGLE INVOLVING WOMEN AND EVEN CHILDREN.



AIRCRAFT PREPARATIONS ON THE GOVERNMENT SIDE : MECHANICS AT WORK ON A HUGE BOMBING AEROPLANE AT AN AERODROME NEAR BARCELONA.



A CHILD CARRYING A "HAMMER AND SICKLE" BANNER AND A YOUTH WITH A PORTRAIT OF "LA PASIONARIA" : A PROPAGANDA PROCESSION IN MADRID.



A FORMIDABLE WEAPON OF THE GOVERNMENT AIR FORCES : AN AERIAL TORPEDO (WEIGHING NEARLY A TON AND DWARFING A MAN) READY TO LEAVE BARCELONA.



A LITTLE GIRL ALLEGED TO HAVE SHOT DEAD FIVE REBELS IN THE TOLEDO FIGHTING : PAQUITA VINDEL, WITH MEMBERS OF THE SCOTTISH AMBULANCE.



PREPARING DEFENCES ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF MADRID : MEN OF THE GOVERNMENT FORCES DIGGING TRENCHES AND DUG-OUTS IN READINESS TO RESIST THE ADVANCE OF THE REBEL ARMIES TOWARDS THE CAPITAL.



A CURIOUS TYPE OF ARMOURED CAR, WITH ITS HUT-LIKE ROOF CAMOUFLAGED, ON A COUNTRY ROAD NEAR MADRID : ONE OF THE MECHANIZED UNITS SENT FROM VALENCIA FOR DEFENCE OF THE CAPITAL.

Continued.]

Communist leader, known as "La Pasionaria," carried as a banner. Her real name, as noted under her portrait in our issue of September 12, is Señora Dolores Ibárruri. She has visited foreign countries conducting propaganda for the Spanish Government. Another way in which the struggle affects Spanish womanhood was exemplified by the recent arrest, in Madrid, of 1000 women suspected of favouring the insurgents.

LIFE IN MADRID IN TIME OF CIVIL WAR: A WAR PLAY; AND THE DRAMA OF REALITY.



THE WAR MADE A SUBJECT FOR THE STAGE WHILE ACTUALLY IN PROGRESS: A SCENE FROM "EL FRENTE DE EXTREMADURA" ("THE EXTREMADURA FRONT") AT A MADRID THEATRE.



A MOOR AND A MONK: A DRAMATIC MOMENT IN "EL FRENTE DE EXTREMADURA," PRODUCED BY A COMMUNIST DEPUTY

MADRID became the centre of interest in the Spanish Civil War as the insurgent forces continued their advance towards the city. Here we illustrate incidents in the life of the capital during this anxious period. The two top photographs show that theatres were kept going, and even the war itself was made the subject of a play, doubtless of a propagandist character. A brief note supplied with them states: "The Communist Deputy Balbontin has produced, at the Maravillas Theatre, the drama, 'El Frente de Extremadura' ('The Extremadura Front')." On October 16 it was reported that the rationing of the whole population was to have begun that day, and the food-cards had been duly issued, but owing to some hitch food queues, especially for meat and sugar, still continued. The delay was ascribed to the necessity of provisioning the 100,000 Militiamen of the new Army. Madrid being dependent for supplies on the fertile coast region between Alicante and Valencia, there was a danger of the food problem becoming insoluble if those lines of communication were cut.



OLD AGE AND CHILDHOOD SUFFER ALIKE FROM CIVIL WAR: A TYPICAL SCENE OF DESTITUTION IN THE STREETS OF MADRID, WHERE MANY CHILDREN HAVE LOST PARENTS AND HOME.



ONE OF MADRID'S DEFENDERS: A MILITIAMAN ENGROSSED IN A MAP OF SPAIN SHOWING THE COURSE OF OPERATIONS.



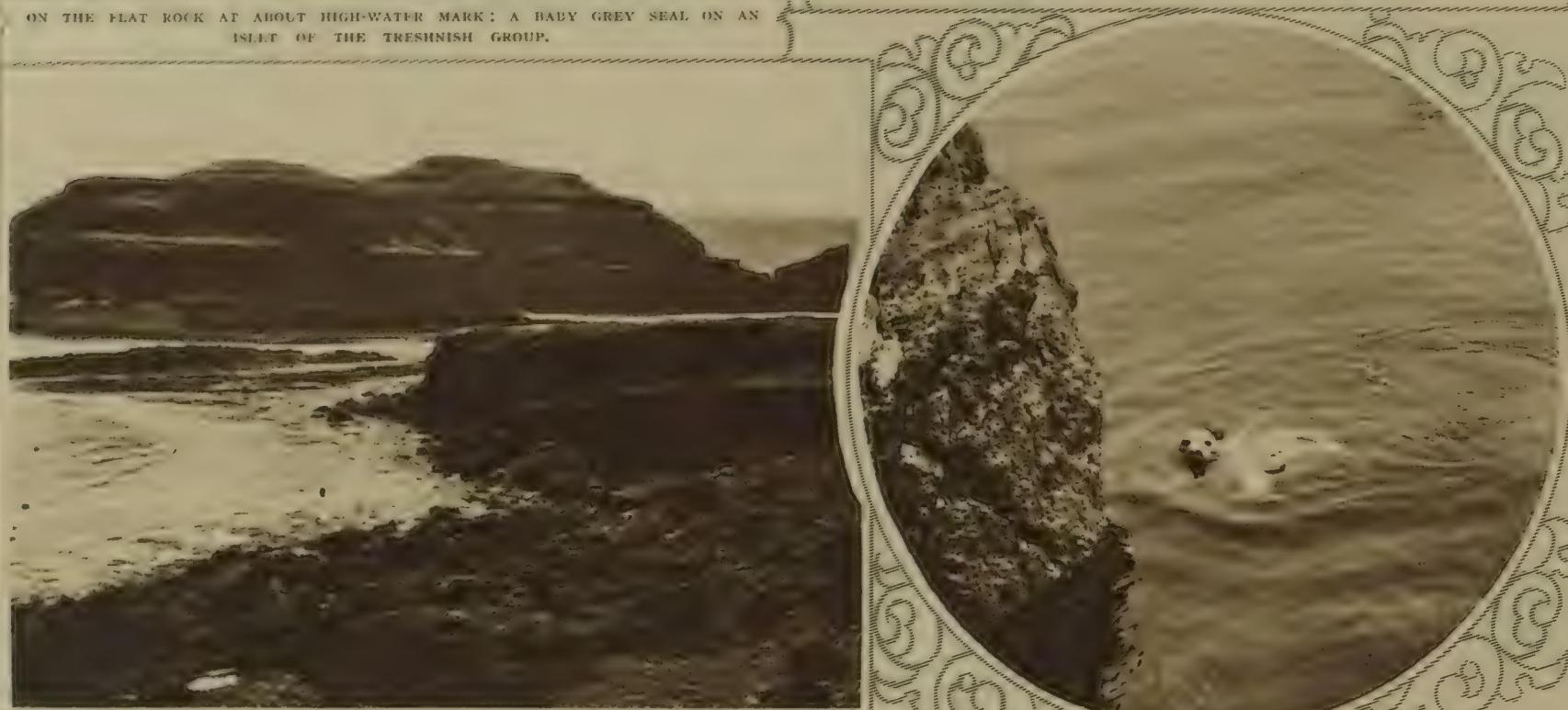
THE RATIONING SYSTEM IN MADRID INSTITUTED BY ORDER OF THE MAYOR, OWING TO SHORTAGE OF SUPPLIES: APPLICANTS RECEIVING THEIR FOOD-CARDS AT AN OFFICIAL CENTRE.

BABIES IN THEIR SCOTTISH ROOKERY : LITTLE SEALS OF THE TRESHNISH ISLES.



MOMENTARILY DESERTED BY ITS MOTHER AS A BOAT APPROACHED:
ONE OF THE SCORE OR SO OF BABY SEALS.

ON THE FLAT ROCK AT ABOUT HIGH-WATER MARK: A BABY GREY SEAL ON AN
ISLET OF THE TRESHNISH GROUP.



THE ROCKS ON WHICH THE YOUNG SEALS WERE SEEN (FOREGROUND) AND (JUST
VISIBLE IN THE WATER) PARENT SEALS.—IN THE BACKGROUND, THE ISLAND OF LUNGA.

CAREFUL TO REMAIN IN THE SHALLOWS: A BABY SEAL THAT WAS OLD
ENOUGH TO TAKE TO THE WATER.



ON THE ALERT AND SUSPICIOUS OF THE VISITORS: A YOUNG SEAL
IN THE ROOKERY ON A TRESHNISH ISLET.



NOT PLEASED WITH ITS VISITORS: "THE BABY SEALS MADE WAILING AND GROANING
SOUNDS" AND WERE READY TO BITE.

A correspondent writes: "The photographs were taken on one of the rocky islets in the Treshnish group, off the north-west coast of Mull. There were about twenty baby seals on the flat rocks, just about at the high-water line. The mothers slid off the rocks as the boat approached and remained close by in deep

water all the time that we remained, lifting their heads out of the water to watch us. The baby seals made wailing and groaning sounds and attempted to bite when approached. Their coats were pure white except on the back, where they were yellowish." It should be added that the seals are Grey Seals (*Halichærus grypus*.)



A HARMLESS TYPE OF SOUTH AFRICAN GAME: BONTEBOK AT A DRINKING POOL—ANTELOPES, NOW RARE, WHICH FORMERLY ROAMED THE PLAINS IN COUNTLESS HERDS.



A DANGEROUS TYPE OF SOUTH AFRICAN GAME: THE CAPE BUFFALO—THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF A WILD BUFFALO EVER TAKEN IN THE DREADED ADDO BUSH (THIRTY MILES FROM PORT ELIZABETH).

SOUTH AFRICAN WILD ANIMALS IN THEIR NATIVE HAUNTS: A CONTRAST BETWEEN GENTLENESS AND FEROCITY IN THE NATURAL WORLD.

Professor Jearey's remarkable work in big-game photography was represented in our issues of March 21, September 12, and October 3 last by coloured reproductions showing respectively lion, wart-hog and blue wildebeeste, and hippopotamus. Regarding the subjects illustrated here, the "Standard Natural History" says: "The Bontebok (*Damaliscus pygargus*) . . . once existed in South Africa in herds great beyond counting . . . now reduced to a few hundred specimens preserved

on various South African farms. . . . Two species [of African buffaloes] may be distinguished, one large and black (*Syncerus caffer*), and a smaller, usually red-coloured animal. The large species frequently carries very large and massive horns." Professor Jearey says in a note on the lower illustration: "This is the first photograph of a buffalo ever taken in the dreaded Addo Bush. He crashed after it was taken." Buffaloes are generally considered the most dangerous of big game.

AFTER THE PHOTOGRAPHS BY PROFESSOR B. F. JEAREY, F.R.A.S., F.R.M.S. (COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



UNDER THE JACARANDA TREES IN PIETERMARITZBURG, NATAL—THE "GARDEN PROVINCE" OF SOUTH AFRICA: SUNLIT BLOOM IN A PICTURESQUE CITY WHOSE ZULU MOTTO MEANS "THE CONQUEROR OF THE ELEPHANT."



Pietermaritzburg, the administrative capital of Natal, was founded in 1838 by those pioneers (Voortrekkers) who had survived the disasters of "The Great Trek," and was named after two of their leaders, Pieter Retief and Gert Mariz. It is now a well-laid-out modern city with wide streets lined by jacaranda and other trees, and its attractions include a variety of flora most picturesque during the South African spring and summer months (September to March). It has become a leading educational centre with secondary school and university facilities,

while locally-established industrial and manufacturing concerns serve a vast hinterland. The surrounding countryside is studded with large plantations of wattle, the bark of which is used industrially and also exported. It is of interest to mention that the arms of the city consist of an elephant surmounted by a cluster of five stars with the inscription "Umgungunhlovu," a Zulu word meaning "The Conqueror of Ugly Elephant." The centre star refers to the Star of Bethlehem, as Natal was discovered on Christmas Day, while the remaining four stars are

indicative of the Southern Cross, and symbolise the geographical position of South Africa. Visitors to South Africa will be well advised to include Pietermaritzburg in their itinerary. It is a city full of interest; it lies within a few miles of the Howick Falls; and it can conveniently be used as the starting-point of tours through the native territory of Zululand. Information required by intending travellers in the district is obtainable from the office of the High Commissioner, South Africa House, London, W.C.2.

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YET ANOTHER SINO-JAPANESE "INCIDENT": AFTER THE HONGKEW MURDER.



OF THE FORCES LANDED TO PROTECT JAPANESE NATIONALS: A MARINE GUARDING A CLOSED JAPANESE SCHOOL.



THE SAND-BOX IN WHICH A PISTOL WAS FOUND—CONVENIENTLY NEAR THE GUNMEN'S HIDING-PLACE AND PROMPTLY USED.



NEAR THE BOOKSTORE WHERE THE ATTACKED JAPANESE BLUEJACKETS TOOK COVER FROM THE GUNMEN'S HAIL OF BULLETS: JAPANESE MARINES SETTING UP A HEAVY MACHINE-GUN AS A PRECAUTION AGAINST FURTHER DISTURBANCES.



JAPANESE RESERVISTS PARADING FOR DUTY ON RECEIVING AN EMERGENCY CALL: EVIDENCE OF THE GRAVE VIEW TAKEN OF THE INCIDENT BY THE JAPANESE MILITARY AUTHORITIES AND OF THE LARGE FORCE POSTED IN HONGKEW.



A JAPANESE NOTICE DECLARING A STATE OF EMERGENCY POSTED IN CHINESE TERRITORY: ONE OF THE MEASURES ADOPTED BY THE JAPANESE AS A WARNING TO THE CHINESE POPULATION OF CHAPEI.

Attacks on Japanese nationals in China have been frequent of late. The most recent took place in Hongkew, Shanghai, on September 23. Three Japanese blue-jackets from the flagship "Idzumo" were shot down by gunmen while looking in a lighted shop window. One was killed immediately and the other two were wounded. Although Hongkew forms part of the International Settlement and is policed by the Shanghai Municipal Council, the Japanese took over control and placed a cordon round a large section. Patrols of marines were stationed throughout the district and all inward and outward traffic was stopped. Senior police officials who hurried

WHERE MANY WERE INTERROGATED AND THREE DETAINED: A SUSPECT, WITH HANDS BOUND AND STRIPPED TO THE WAIST, QUESTIONED AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE NAVAL LANDING PARTY.

to the scene of the outrage were refused admittance to the area. On the following day the excitement died down and crowds of Chinese came to view the scene of the murder and to look at the patrols and mechanised military transport; while the Council's police functioned as usual. Four hundred marines were landed later, but it was announced that 250 of them were to replace those who had been sent to Hankow. By September 25 the streets showed little evidence of the Japanese force of 2000 men, who were quartered in barracks and merely sent out patrols at night, and the situation passed off quietly.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES.



OVIEDO, WHERE INSURGENT COLUMNS HAVE RELIEVED THE GARRISON THAT WAS
BESIEGED BY ASTURIAS MINERS FOR NEARLY THREE MONTHS.

Two insurgent columns fought their way into Oviedo, the capital of the Northern Spanish province of Asturias, on October 17, and relieved Colonel Aranda, who had been resisting the Asturias miners for nearly three months. The advance of the insurgents was supported by a squadron of heavy bombers. The victory had a considerable moral effect. It was greeted with wild outbursts of joy by the rebels throughout Spain.



BRITAIN'S NEW BOMBER; PROBABLY THE FASTEST OF ITS TYPE IN THE WORLD:
THE BRISTOL "BLENHEIM" IN FLIGHT; WITH UNDER-CARRIAGE RETRACTED.

The new Bristol "Blenheim" is probably the fastest machine of its class in the world. The actual figures are secret; but it may be stated that a civil aircraft of somewhat similar design, but with engines much less powerful than those in the "Blenheim," flew at about 270 m.p.h. The "Blenheim's" equipment includes variable pitch air-screws and wing-flaps. Bombs are stowed within the all-metal fuselage.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE NEW THOROUGHFARE THROUGH
THE TIVOLI CORNER OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, formally handed over the conveyance of a strip of pavement at the Lothbury and Princes Street corner of the Bank to the Lord Mayor of London on October 19. It forms a very convenient short cut for pedestrians through the Tivoli corner of the Bank, where there is often acute congestion.



COUNT CIANO, THE ITALIAN FOREIGN MINISTER, WHO HAS BEEN
VISITING GERMANY OFFICIALLY, SPEAKING AT A CONGRESS.

Count Ciano, the Italian Foreign Minister, and son-in-law of Signor Mussolini, left Rome for Berlin on October 19. Considerable importance was attached to the conversations which he had arranged to have with Herr Hitler and Baron von Neurath, the German Foreign Minister. Prophecies of a Hitler-Mussolini rapprochement were not wanting. Count Ciano was accompanied by several Foreign Office officials.



A PROPOSED CECIL RHODES MEMORIAL MUSEUM:
THE GREAT MAN'S BIRTHPLACE AT BISHOP'S STORTFORD.
A movement has been initiated by the Salisbury and Bulawayo Rotary Clubs to acquire the birthplace of Cecil Rhodes at Bishop's Stortford, Herts, for transformation into a museum in commemoration of the life work of the great Imperialist. Sir Abe Bailey, an intimate friend of Rhodes, has accepted the position of chairman of the foundation committee.



THE WINNER OF THE CESAREWITCH: THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD GELDING FET:
WITH HIS TRAINER, MR. H. HEDGES.

Fet, a five-year-old gelding by Son-in-Law out of Valda, owned by Mr. Freeman, trained by Hedges, and ridden by Richardson, won the Cesarewitch by a neck from last year's winner, Near Relation. The winner started at 10 to 1, the second and third horses at 22 to 1 each. Fet has had a quick rise to fame, not having distinguished himself particularly before this year. Mr. Freeman purchased him from Mr. Hedges a few weeks ago.



THE "ANIMAL OF THE WEEK" AT THE ZOO: THE KEA PARROT; NOTORIOUS
AS A SHEEP-PEST IN PARTS OF NEW ZEALAND.

So called on account of its note, the kea, or mountain parrot, is a native of the mountains of South Island, New Zealand. About seventy years ago, this bird formed the habit of settling on the backs of live sheep and tearing out their flesh with its powerful bill. Since that time it has become a serious menace in many parts, and a price has been put on its head.—[Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.]

PICTORIAL NEWS: FOREIGN EVENTS THAT ARE OF HOME INTEREST.



THE END OF THE ARAB STRIKE IN PALESTINE: JUDGE COPLAND INSPECTING THE GUARD AT THE REOPENING OF THE HIGH COURT AT JAFFA.

On October 12, only one ceremony marked the end of the Arab strike, which had lasted for six months. It was decided that, as the normal business activities of the community in Palestine had been resumed, the High Court at Jaffa should be reopened. Judge Copland was received by a Guard of Honour mounted at the entrance of the Court by Arab police, and he inspected them before taking his seat.



A DEATH-ROLL OF THIRTY-FOUR PERSONS: THE "VAN DER WIJCK," WHICH CAPSIZED AND SANK OFF THE COAST OF JAVA ON OCTOBER 20.

On the morning of October 20 the Dutch Royal Packet Navigation Company's "Van der Wijck," which was carrying 250 passengers and crew, sent out an S.O.S. Naval flying-boats and small vessels raced to the scene. The ship capsized and sank before they arrived, and in spite of daring rescue-work, it is feared that thirty-four people may have been drowned. The disaster is thought to have been due to a seaquake, a phenomenon which occurs occasionally in the Java Sea.



A WOULD-BE RIVAL TO IMPERIAL AIRWAYS AT GALWAY: THE "AEOLUS" ON THE CATAULPT OF THE AERODROME SHIP "SCHWABENLAND."

It will be recalled that the Irish Free State Government recently refused permission to the Lufthansa Air Corporation to use Galway as a base for experimental flights across the Atlantic, owing to the fact that it already had an agreement with Canada, Newfoundland, and England to provide an Irish base for Imperial Airways. Germany has been experimenting with the Dornier 18 diesel-engined amphibians catapulted from an aerodrome ship, and they have already made some spectacular flights.



COMPLETED AND OPENED AFTER TWENTY-NINE YEARS OF DELAY: THE PALACE OF THE SKUPŠTINA—THE YUGOSLAV PARLIAMENT IN BELGRADE.

The new Palace was begun in 1907, but work was stopped when it was half-finished and the shell stood among decaying scaffolding for many years. Formerly, the site was occupied by a Turkish mosque known as the Batal Jamia, and legend states that a Turkish Grand Vizier had the body of St. Sava burnt on the spot in the sixteenth century. Subsequently he met with misfortune and built the mosque to propitiate Fortune. It was pulled down in 1871.



AN ACT OF MERCY WHICH HAS BECOME AN ANNUAL EVENT: A VIENNESE GIRL FEEDING EXHAUSTED, MIGRATING SWALLOWS COLLECTED FROM THE STREETS.



STARVATION COMPELS TAMENESS: SWALLOWS BEING HANDLED BY ASSISTANTS OF THE ANIMALS' PROTECTION SOCIETY BEFORE BEING SENT SOUTH BY AEROPLANE.

A few years ago the Animals' Protection Society of Austria decided to assist exhausted swallows to reach the warm south before they were overcome by cold. This work of mercy has now become an annual event and this year thousands of birds were collected in the streets and off the house-tops of Vienna. Towns in Austria and Czechoslovakia also rescued the birds and sent them to Vienna. The birds were fed and given an opportunity to recover their strength. Those which became strong again were released during good weather, to find their own way to the south; while the weaklings were packed in boxes and taken by aeroplane to Venice. On arrival, the birds were released and were soon travelling south along the coast of the Adriatic. A recent consignment consisted of 1500 young swallows which were packed into aeroplanes and reached Venice safely.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE: RECENT HAPPENINGS; AND PERSONALITIES.



ON THEIR WAY TO THE INSTALLATION OF A NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE NETHERLANDS INDIES: JONKHEER DE JONGE RIDING TO THE VOLKSRaad AT BATAVIA WITH HIS SUCCESSOR ON HIS LEFT HAND.



ON THEIR WAY FROM THE INSTALLATION: JONKHEERMEISTER VAN STARKENBORGH STACHOUWER, THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL, NOW ON THE RIGHT OF THE COACH, WITH HIS PREDECESSOR, JONKHEER DE JONGE, ON HIS LEFT.

The new Governor-General of the Netherlands Indies (Dutch East Indies) was ceremonially installed in the Volksraad at Batavia last month. The new Governor-General is Jonkheermeister A. W. L. Tjarda van Starkenborgh Stachouwer; and the outgoing Governor-General, whom he succeeded, Jonkheer B. C. de Jonge. The Netherlands Indies constitute an extensive "Empire"—733,000 square miles, which is nearly sixty times the area of Holland itself. Commercially, these islands have always been of the greatest importance. The administration and the executive authority in them rest in the hands of the Governor-General, who is assisted by a five-membered Council of an advisory character. The Governor-General and the members of the Council are nominated by the Queen of the Netherlands. In 1918 a Volksraad was installed to discuss the Budget and advise the Government. Politically, the Indies are divided into Lands under direct government and subject native States.



M. DARANYI.

The new Prime Minister of Hungary; successor to the late General Gömbös. Deputy Prime Minister during General Gömbös's illness. Parliamentary Under-Secretary, the Prime Minister's Department, 1928-35. Minister of Agriculture, 1935.

GEN. SIR BINDON BLOOD.

Appointed to the revived rank of Chief Royal Engineer of the Corps of Royal Engineers, a position created at the Restoration. Associated with the Corps of Royal Engineers since 1860, and senior Colonel Commandant of the Corps.



CANON CARNEGIE.

Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and Canon of Westminster since 1913. Died October 19; aged seventy-six. For twenty years he was Chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons. He went to Westminster after notable work at Birmingham.



SIR JOHN HUNTER, K.B.E.

Noted engineer and bridge-builder. Died October 17; aged seventy-two. Associated with Sir William Arrol and Co., Ltd., builders of the Forth, the Tay, and the Tower Bridges. Gave useful service at the Ministry of Munitions in the war.



DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH VISITORS TO RUMANIA: LORD LONDONDERRY (CENTRE; LOOKING LEFT) AND LADY LONDONDERRY (LEFT) AT A SHOOTING-PARTY GIVEN BY KING CAROL.

Lord Londonderry and Lady Londonderry were entertained recently by King Carol of Rumania. The names of those seen in the above photograph (which was taken during a shoot at Temisoar) are (l. to r.) Crown Prince Michael, Lady Londonderry, King Carol, Lord Londonderry, and Princess Bibesco.



A STRIKING EXAMPLE OF THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES IN SOVIET RUSSIA: THE WOMAN INSPECTOR OF A MOSCOW FIRE BRIGADE UNIT ABOARD THE ENGINE. A description of this photograph states that Anna Dmitriyevna showed such courage and resource when she first joined the Fire Brigade that she was promoted to the rank of inspector and given command of a unit. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that, in spite of all changes in Russia, the traditional type of fireman's helmet is still worn there.



THE DEATH OF A POPULAR NOVELIST:
THE LATE MME. ALBANESI.

Mme. Albanesi, the popular novelist, died on October 16; aged seventy-seven. She also wrote under the name of Effie Adelaide Rowlands. She had been writing stories for over thirty years. Her first book, "Peter, a Parasite," was published in 1901. Others of her best-known books included "Susannah and One Elder" and "The Brown Eyes of Mary."



"SUPREME CHIEF" OF SPANISH GOVERNMENT FORCES: SEÑOR L. CABALLERO.

Following the defeats suffered by the Government forces on the Madrid front, it was announced, on October 16, that Señor Largo Caballero, the Premier and War Minister, had been appointed "Supreme Chief" of the Armed Forces; and he appears to have remained in Madrid after Señor Azana, the President, and various Ministers had left for Barcelona.

The World of the Theatre.

By IVOR BROWN

PLAYS OF ESCAPE.

IT is not often that a dramatic critic sees seven plays in succession on the West End stage, all of which are "costume." Yet such might have been his experience during the last fortnight, when he was summoned to the Westminster to see Turgenev's "A Month in the Country" (about Russia in 1840); to the Embassy to see Vanbrugh's "The Provoked Wife"; to the Old Vic to see Wycherley's "The Country Wife"; to the Lyric to see Mr. Maurice Colbourne's "Charles the King"; to the Queen's to see Miss Helen Jerome's version of "Jane Eyre"; to the Royalty to see the revival of "Marigold"; and to the New to see Miss Leontovich and Mr. Wolf in "Antony and Cleopatra." At the same time, incidentally, film-goers could choose between two Shakespearean pictures, "As You Like It" and "Romeo and Juliet." Certainly, it has been a good autumn for the costumier.

But otherwise disastrous in the West End theatres; although money is being widely spread and spent at the present time, play after play has gone down, despite the presence in the cast of "names" which might be expected to have great box-office value. The painful task of holding a series of inquests on these corpses I shall not attempt. But it is possible, I think, to make one generalisation: sombre plays which mirror contemporary life are out of favour. The public is in an "escaping" mood. The news of the day and of the world is usually so ugly and so menacing that we like, for entertainment's sake, to slip into another century. True,

when we wander across a century to meet them, see life at a double remove.

The same holds to some extent of Victorian "Jane Eyre." In many ways that book is a bleak and bitter story; the misery and oppression of Jane's childhood is as dreadful as anything in Dickens. The whippings and starvations of her school-days may not have been on the scale of Squeers and Dotheboys, but there was

a world of its own, where words meant very little and the noise and the flourish were all. There is a story told of Irving, probably false in fact, but in some way symptomatic and instructive, that, if he forgot his lines, he could go on saying anything that came into his head and the public did not know the difference between part and patter. There was the grand figure from which a grandiose noise emerged; it was all they wanted.

The actors of our own time have broken that tradition of solemnly intoning Shakespeare (or the text of any costume play) and using the moves and flourishes and gestures deemed to be "classical" without any question of their validity for present purposes. Mr. Colbourne and Mr. Barry Jones may be right or they may be wrong in their view of how Charles I. walked and talked; what they will not do is to dish up the too familiar picture of a Royal Martyr and leave it at that. They are trying to explain the Civil War in terms of social and economic influences, and you are advised to listen carefully as well as to watch with pleasure the *panache* of the period.

Two processes are therefore working together in our theatre at once. One is the eagerness of the public not to be reminded of what it will read in the morning's papers. Hence it likes to drift away on the Time Machine and see the folly of other times rather than the folly of our own. Simultaneously, it wants its painted stage to be not wholly conventional. The actor must show that he has thought and felt his way into a part: promenading imposingly over its surface and making a glorious but empty noise will no longer pass for great performance. Mr. Gielgud and others have

encouraged the public to see more than a ritual celebration in a Shakespearean revival. They appear to say to us: "These people in our play do not wear your clothes; they had more taste in splendour, and look how splendid we make them. But they did possess many of your thoughts and all your feelings and passions. Therefore, while our spectacle and the glory of the language offers you escape from yourselves, our action shall take you into yourselves. We are proud to fly the banners of costume; but the coloured cloak of romance must never be the cloak which conceals a lack of thought or of genuine application to the portrayal of character. We enrich your eye as far as we can, but we shall not starve your mind in order to do so."



"THE COUNTRY WIFE," NOW AT THE OLD VIC: LADY FIDGET (EDITH EVANS) VISITS THE SLY RAKE, MR. HORNER (MICHAEL REDGRAVE), AND FORGETS DISCRETION.

The latest rendering of Wycherley's "The Country Wife," at the Old Vic, has great distinction. Its plot, it need hardly be said, deals with that never-failing topic of the Restoration playwright, the deception of jealous husbands. In it, wit is allied to very free speech and unblushing situations.



"THE COUNTRY WIFE"—THE JEALOUS HUSBAND COMPELS HIS SIMPLE COUNTRY WIFE TO WRITE A SEVERE LETTER TO HER GALLANT, MR. HORNER: JAMES DALE AS MR. PINCHWIFE AND RUTH GORDON AS MRS. PINCHWIFE.

a steady pressure of cruelty which makes the early passages of "Jane Eyre" hard reading for compassionate minds. But the play leaves out Jane at school and concentrates on Jane's love for Rochester. That is to say, it singles out the Cinderella quality of the story and invites us to watch the romance of the mousey little heroine with a Prince Charming who looks and behaves like an ogre until the dreadful secret of his life has been cleared up and he is free to be a frank and natural lover.

It may be argued that the public who are flocking to see "The Country Wife," at the Old Vic, can hardly be described as escaping from the ugliness and nastiness of things. What could be coarser than Wycherley's story? What could be less romantic than his cynical commentary on men and women? There is nothing in his world but lust and greed and jealousy, and the fun lies in seeing these lusty, greedy, and jealous people being thwarted or cheated. What sort of "escape" is it that watches Mr. Horner's intrigues or listens to Mr. Pinchwife's philosophy?

The answer is that the public at "the Vic" are taking Wycherley merely as a vehicle. They have gone to see pretty acting in pretty clothes, and very pretty acting they do indeed get from Miss Ruth Gordon (as the imprisoned little wife with country ways) and Miss Edith Evans (as Lady Fidget) along with the pretty decoration by Mr. Oliver Messel. I imagine that for many of the playgoers at "the Vic" the glitter of the performance—there is a glittering cast—so takes the eye that the mind is free to forget what the story is about. Wycherley certainly never intended his play as an invitation to escape; but we make it such.

Mr. Colbourne's piece about "Charles the King"—i.e., Charles I.—has romantic possibilities, but he does not develop them, preferring rather to state the case for Charles on social and economic grounds. The King, as the part is performed by Mr. Barry Jones, has a considerable sense of the political and financial forces at work in his century and can comment upon them with judgment and humour.

He is no fool; nor, on the other hand, is he a romantic figure. Will that harm the chances of the play? I see no reason why it should, since so many historical plays recently have succeeded by making history as actual as might be. Mr. Gielgud may be called a romantic actor, but his great hold on the public has been largely established by his ability to pierce the romantic conventions of the stage and to find real emotions beneath the trappings and the suits of Hamlet's woe or the second Richard's supposed incompetence in governing.

The old type of romantic acting escaped so far from the ordinary ways of speech and movement that it lived in



"JANE EYRE," AT THE QUEEN'S: CURIGWEN LEWIS AS THE HEROINE AND REGINALD TATE AS ROCHESTER IN THE DRAMATISED VERSION OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S NOVEL.

The play of "Jane Eyre," an adaptation by Helen Jerome of the novel, had a considerable success when it was given at the Malvern Festival, and it has now been extremely well received in Shaftesbury Avenue.

those centuries had abundant ugliness and menace of their own, but the theatre is not displaying these qualities as a rule. How significant has been the triumphant success of "Pride and Prejudice," at the St. James's! Here we can achieve escape twice over. Jane Austen's people lived in marvelous detachment from the broils and battles of their own time. What were the anger of the North, the horrors of the new industrialism, and the Luddite riots to these happy folk, with their card-games and dances, so peacefully immured in their gentlemen's estates of Hants and Herts? What Trafalgar or Waterloo? Miss Austen's folk had escaped from their own world; we,



"CHARLES THE KING," AT THE LYRIC: GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES AS QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA IN THE SUCCESSFUL NEW HISTORICAL PLAY.

This play shows Charles I. (Barry Jones) in good fortune and bad; and culminates with the Royal Martyr going to the scaffold. Oliver Cromwell is convincingly played by George Merritt.

THE NEWLY FOUND ASTROLABE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH:

A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY NAVIGATIONAL INSTRUMENT,
ONE OF THE FINEST OF ITS KIND, DISCOVERED AT
OXFORD: THE ONLY EXTANT WORK BY THOMAS GEMINI.

By DR. R. T. GUNTHER, F.R.G.S., University Reader in the History
of Science at Oxford. (See Illustrations on the opposite page.)

FOR centuries the astrolabe of Queen Elizabeth has been lying hidden and unknown in the cupboards of Oxford, and it was only during the past vacation, when the University Observatory was being reconditioned for a new programme of work, that this superb example of the art of the astrolabist was discovered with other old metal of historic interest. The disc and removable plates are covered

royal arms were removed, to be replaced by an engraved portrait of the Queen.

Until the discovery of this instrument it had been believed that the finest example of an astrolabe made in England was the large two-foot astrolabe made by Humphrey Cole in 1575, which was reproduced in colour in *The Illustrated London News* for Aug. 14, 1926, and the finest example in Europe was the equally large astrolabe made by a Flemish craftsman, Walter Arsenius, in 1566 for Philip II. of Spain. The astrolabe of Elizabeth is superior to both in several respects.

The style of the engraving and the scrolls that embellish the lettering resemble the signed work of

Humphrey Cole so closely that it might readily pass as his, but the signature of "Thomas," followed by the sign of the zodiacal constellation of the Twins, or Gemini (Fig. 3), proclaims the work of the above-mentioned artist. Moreover, a book on Mensuration, by Leonard Digges, published in 1556, bears the note: "Imprinted at London in ye Blackfriars by Thomas Gemine, who is ther ready exactly to make all the Instruments apertaining to thes booke." There is, however, no other instrument made by him now extant except this, his masterpiece.

The evidence tends to indicate that it was in the atelier of

Gemini that Humphrey Cole served his apprenticeship and learned to employ his master's art for the decoration of his later works, which are mostly dated after the death of Gemini. The style of the engraving, in our opinion, bears out the judgment of the experts, that the work of Gemini had an Italian character.

the University of Oxford by Nicolas Greaves of All Souls College in memory of the first two Savilian Professors of Astronomy, John Bainbridge and John Greaves. Nicolas made other gifts of astronomical instruments at the same time, so that the inference is obvious that he was acting for the honour and glory of his family, as well as for the benefit of a scientific department in his University.

The "Rose of the Winds" included in the "Quadratum Nauticum" (and shown in Fig. 1) states the names of the principal winds as known to Mediterranean seamen, and was given wider circulation through the publication of a lettered plan by Gemma Frisius, a cosmographer of Louvain. The quadrangle was much used by Elizabethan navigators. The reverse of the Calendar and Hour Plate (Fig. 2) is inscribed with a scheme of lines, technically known as a "tablet of horizons," which was used in conjunction with the superimposed



FIG. 1. THE FACE OF THE ASTROLABE, SHOWING THE RAISED RIM (GRADUATED INTO 24 HOURS AND 360 DEGREES) SURROUNDING A "QUADRATUM NAUTICUM," A DIAGRAM BY MEANS OF WHICH ELIZABETHAN NAVIGATORS ESTIMATED CHANGES OF LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE.

At the top is the bracket, inscribed with Queen Elizabeth's name, shown also in Fig. 6 and (from the back) in Fig. 5, or the opposite page. Beneath the "Quadratum Nauticum," or Quadrangle, in the centre, is the maker's signature, seen enlarged in Fig. 3 on this page. Within the Quadrangle a "Rose of the Winds" names the chief winds as known to Mediterranean seamen.

on both sides with that accurately executed engraving that proclaims the master-hand. The excellence of the design of the rete, or star map (Fig. 4), by means of which the navigator would obtain the time by day or by night, is unsurpassed. It moreover presents a unique feature. The maker has carved an actual star at the end of each of the numerous named star-pointers that show the relative positions of the brighter stars. It was by bringing them to their right altitudes, by reference to the lines upon an underlying plate, that the user could tell the time by the stars.

But the history incised on the metal is no less remarkable than the beauty of the design. The round bracket at the top of the instrument is inscribed on both sides with the name, titles, initials, and coat of arms of its royal owner—"Elizabeth Dei Gratia Angliae Franciae et Hiberniae Regina." The date "1559," engraved below the Nautical Quadrangle, not only associates it with the first year of her reign, with those "spacious times" when the great English navigators were beginning to find that "the narrow seas were a prison for so large a spirit" as their own, but also synchronises with the date when the well-known engraver and printer, Thomas Gemini, himself printed the third edition of his illustrated "Compendium of Anatomy," with a revised title-page, from which the



FIG. 2. A PLATE (ENGRAVED WITH A CIRCULAR CALENDAR AND HOUR-LINES) WHICH IN USE WOULD BE INSERTED WITHIN THE RIM OF THE ASTROLABE (SHOWN IN FIG. 1) AND WOULD BE OVERLAIID BY THE ROTATABLE STAR-MAP (SEEN IN FIG. 4, OPPOSITE PAGE).

"This side of the plate is inscribed with a circular calendar scale and with hour-lines for the unequal or planetary hours in a semi-circle above the ordinary surveying scales of *umbra recta* and *umbra versa*." These two Latin phrases may be seen respectively inside and (at each end) outside the oblong in the lower half. Round the border are names of months and constellations.

"rete," or star map, for finding the time. The side of this plate that is shown in Fig. 2 is inscribed with a circular calendar scale, and with hour-lines for the unequal or planetary hours in a semi-circle above the ordinary surveying scales of *umbra recta* and *umbra versa*.

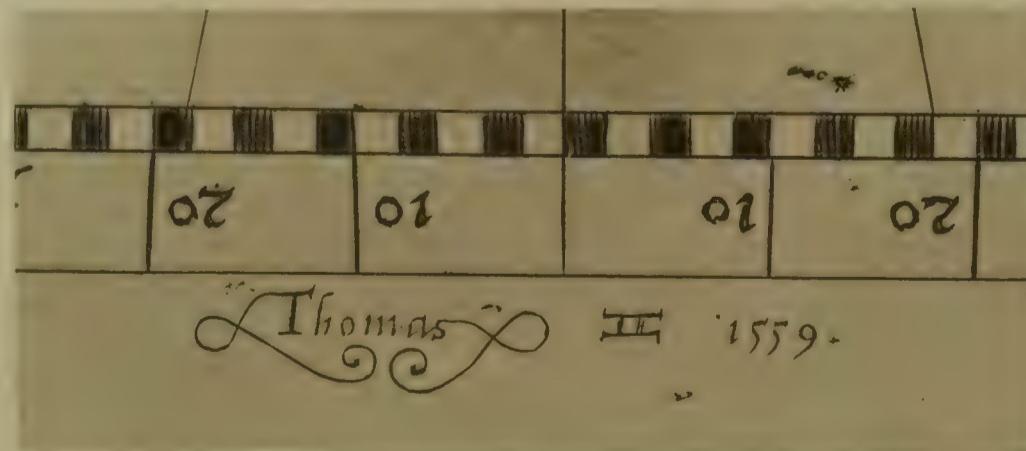


FIG. 3. THE DATED SIGNATURE OF THE MAKER OF THE ASTROLABE, THOMAS GEMINI, WHO NEVER SIGNED HIS SURNAME, BUT USED (AS HERE) THE SYMBOL FOR THE CONSTELLATION, GEMINI ("THE TWINS") : AN ENLARGEMENT FROM THE SIGNATURE SEEN IN FIG. 1.

The question naturally arises—how did so important an instrument come to Oxford? We should like to think that it was a royal gift, made on the occasion of one of her Majesty's visits to our University. But here again the astrolabe contains its own history. The movable plate has been inscribed by a later engraver exactly a century after it left the workshop of Gemini. In 1659 it was presented to

them for conservation in what is obviously now the most appropriate place—the Oxford Museum of the History of Science, in the Old Ashmolean Building, within a few yards of the Tower where they were originally used. There its beautifully chased surfaces of gilt metal will form a fitting supplement to the unequalled series of astrolabes given to the University by Dr. Lewis Evans.

I am indebted to John Greaves's successor, the present holder of the Savilian Chair, Professor Plaskett, for having invited me to examine the "finds" in his observatory, and still more for having given

TELLING TIME BY THE STARS: AN INSTRUMENT FOR ELIZABETHAN MARINERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY DR. R. T. GUNTHER. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

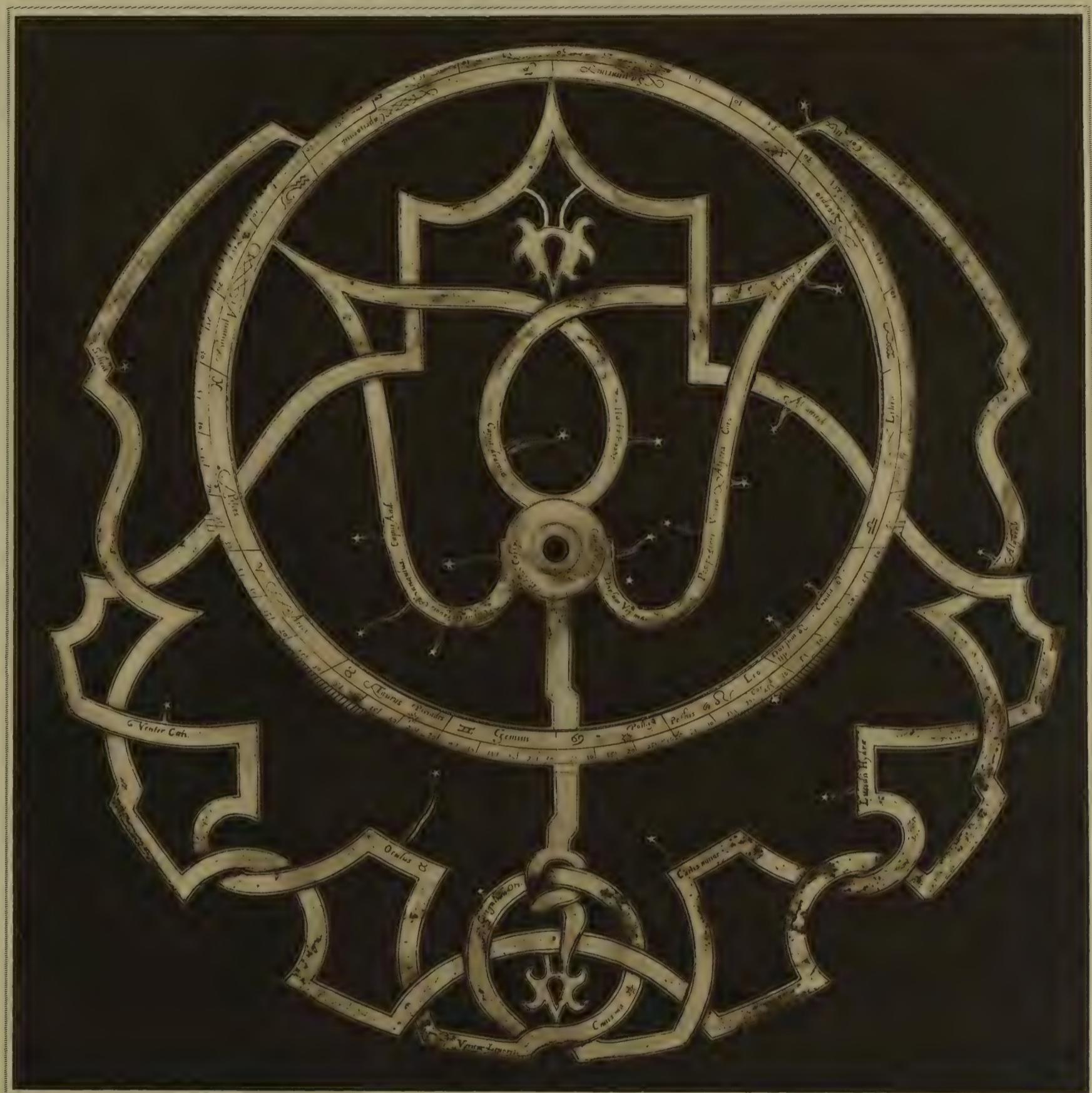


FIG. 4. THE ROTATABLE RETE, OR STAR-MAP, DETACHED FROM QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ASTROLABE: A DEVICE FOR NAVIGATORS TO TELL THE TIME BY THE STARS, BY MOVING THEM TO THE RIGHT ALTITUDE ACCORDING TO LINES ON AN UNDERLYING PLATE; THIS EXAMPLE HAVING A UNIQUE FEATURE—AN ACTUAL STAR CARVED AT THE END OF EACH POINTER.



FIG. 5. THE BACK OF THE INSCRIBED BRACKET SHOWN AT THE TOP OF THE ASTROLABE IN FIG. 1 (ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE) AND IN FIG. 6: THE ROYAL ARMS WITH QUEEN ELIZABETH'S INITIALS.

As Dr. Gunther explains in his article opposite, describing Queen Elizabeth's Astrolabe recently brought to light at Oxford, the rotatable star-map, or rete, shown above was used in conjunction with a scheme of lines (technically termed a "tablet of horizons") on the reverse side of the Calendar and Hour Plate (Fig. 2), for telling time by the stars. This detachable rete, remarkable for its

excellent design, has a unique feature—an actual star carved at the end of each star-pointer. The Astrolabe is the only example of Thomas Gemini's work extant. It is made in a gold-coloured metal, like the gilt-brass instruments of Humphrey Cole illustrated in colour in our issue of August 14, 1926. Dr. Gunther is to lecture on Queen Elizabeth's Astrolabe before the Society of Antiquaries on November 12.



FIG. 6. "ELIZABETH BY THE GRACE OF GOD QUEEN OF ENGLAND, FRANCE AND IRELAND": THE INSCRIBED BRACKET AT THE TOP OF THE ASTROLABE (SEE FIG. 1), INDICATING ITS ROYAL OWNERSHIP.

MALVINA HOFFMAN RECORDS THE
BROTHERHOOD OF MAN IN SCULPTURE:



ONE OF THE MANY ASIATIC TYPES SCULPTURED BY MALVINA HOFFMAN FOR THE HALL OF MANKIND, THE FIELD MUSEUM, CHICAGO: A BENGALI MAN.



AN ANDAMAN ISLANDER TESTING HIS PECAULIAR TYPE OF BOW: A BRONZE OF A NEGRO TYPE IN THE HALL OF MANKIND, CHICAGO.



A TODA FROM SOUTHERN INDIA: A REPRESENTATIVE OF ONE OF THE RACES OF THE DRAVIDIAN GROUP IN THE HALL OF MANKIND.



ANOTHER INDIAN TYPE IN THE HALL OF MANKIND: A BUST OF AN AFGHAN FROM PESHAWAR WITH WAVY HAIR AND PROMINENT, NARROW NOSE.



A KASHMIRI TYPE: A BRONZE OF A MAN (AGED TWENTY-FIVE) SEATED IN A CHARACTERISTIC POSTURE OF MEDITATION.



AN INDIAN "UNTOUCHABLE": A TYPE OF LOW CASTE WOMAN FROM JAIPUR, RAJPUTANA; SHOWING THE EFFECTS OF UNDER NOURISHMENT AND HEAVY LABOUR.



THE HEAD OF A MALAY FROM SINGAPORE IN THE HALL OF MANKIND.



THE HEAD OF A BURMESE MAN: A SOUTHERN MONGOLOID TYPE.



ANOTHER KASHMIRI STUDY: A MAN BELONGING TO AN INDO-AFGHAN STOCK.

We reproduced in our last issue a number of photographs of the statues made for the Hall of the Races of Mankind, at the Field Museum, Chicago, by Malvina Hoffman, in connection with a review of her book, "A Sculptor's Odyssey." We here illustrate other ethnological types modelled by her for the Museum. Some of them are of the greatest scientific interest. The Andamanese are represented

by a statue of a little Negrito hunter seated on a rock, testing the elasticity of his bow. This weapon is of peculiar design and is very stiff and powerful. The wood is carefully selected, shaped with a primitive type of adze, and finally smoothed off with the edge of a sharp shell. When drawn, the upper half of the bow bends towards the body, but the lower end becomes practically straight.

MALVINA HOFFMAN RECORDS THE
BROTHERHOOD OF MAN IN SCULPTURE:



A TYPE FROM THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO IN THE HALL OF MANKIND, CHICAGO: MALVINA HOFFMAN'S BUST OF A DYAK FROM SARAWAK.



AN AUSTRALIAN TYPE IN THE FIELD MUSEUM'S HALL OF MANKIND: AN ABORIGINAL WOMAN AND A BOY.

TYPES FROM OCEANIA AND THE EAST IN THE HALL OF MAN, CHICAGO.



AN IGOROT OF THE PHILIPPINES: A MAN OF A TRIBE OF STURDY FARMERS DWELLING IN THE ISLAND OF LUZON.



ANOTHER AUSTRALIAN TYPE IN THE HALL OF MANKIND: AN ABORIGINAL OF MEDIUM STATURE THROWING HIS SPEAR.



A SAMOAN WARRIOR: A TYPICAL POLYNESIAN; WITH HIS PECULIAR METAL KNIFE.



A JAVANESE BOY FROM SOLO, JAVA.

THE HEAD OF A HAWAIIAN MAN.



ANOTHER TYPE OF POLYNESIAN IN THE HALL OF MAN: A HAWAIIAN RIDING A SURF-BOARD.

We here continue our series of reproductions of the statues of ethnological types by Malvina Hoffman in the Hall of the Races of Mankind, the Field Museum, Chicago. She describes the manner in which the surf-board rider statue was made in her book, "A Sculptor's Odyssey," which was reviewed in our last issue. "Sargent Kohonomoku [she writes] . . . consented to do all his best aquatic stunts for us.

Moving pictures and stills were taken, and after reassuring him and his brother David that . . . no plaster-casting was to be even mentioned . . . we began work at once and the result is to be seen in the 'Bronze Surf Rider' at Field Museum." Skimming over the foam on the Waikiki waves, surf-board riders develop an amazing sense of balance and the agility of acrobats.



I WAS under the impression that all readers of this page were pretty well acquainted with the general change of design in English chairs during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but here are three letters enclosing rough drawings, and all asking for information. I print a selection of types roughly covering the period, among which my correspondents will recognise their own without difficulty. Needless to add these few illustrations do not make an encyclopædia; for that not less than one hundred would be required. Still, they are a representative lot, and will serve for this specific purpose—incidentally, they are a "good" lot; by which I mean they are chairs which are not merely genuine but are free from those odd aberrations of taste which, at certain times, drove cabinet-makers to produce models of uncomfortably pretentious fussiness rather than clean-lined, sensible, and comely shapes. One or two are extremely elaborate (*e.g.*, Fig. 2), but it is an elaboration which is an organic part of the structure, not stuck on from outside hazard.

Fig. 1 is hardly later than 1625: arcaded back with high, carved top and simple marquetry in the two flat panels. An imposing, heavy piece, very obviously and properly the seat of honour reserved for the head of the house, whereas the members of his family would sit round the table on stools or benches. It is very curious to read how long this custom lasted—until well into the eighteenth century, and apparently in the highest circles, for it is on



1. THE "AGE OF OAK": AN OAK CHAIR DATING FROM ABOUT 1620.

Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. M. Harris and Sons.

ious design as an echo of the East reaching England via Portugal and/or Holland? It is a type which, with modifications, lasted right up to the end of William and Mary's reign, and then was transformed a little later into a rather more sober shape. But the average taste of the early eighteenth century is represented by Fig. 3—walnut, with spoon back, ball and claw feet, nicely marked wood, heavy, solid, practical, comfortable, well fitted for those by nature broad in the beam or for less imposing mortals wearing great, hooped skirts. In short, the last of the truly monumental sorts of chair. True, there were some noble specimens produced in the 'thirties and 'forties of the eighteenth



3. THE "AGE OF WALNUT": A VERY FINE WALNUT CHAIR WITH SPOON BACK, CABRIOLE LEGS, AND BALL AND CLAW FEET (c. 1720).



3. THE "AGE OF WALNUT": A VERY FINE WALNUT CHAIR WITH SPOON BACK, CABRIOLE LEGS, AND BALL AND CLAW FEET (c. 1720).

record that at the wedding of Frederick Prince of Wales, son of George II.—that same Frederick who was the patron of the painter Philippe Mercier, whose career was the subject of a note on this page last week; the patron, too, just at the end of his life, of old George Vertue, to whose incorrigible curiosity we owe much of our knowledge of the arts in England in the first half of the century—at this wedding there was a horrid and embarrassing scene: one of those social problems sometimes set in the papers and ending "What should A do next?" The bride and bridegroom had chairs placed for them, but not the English princesses

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A SERIES OF OLD ENGLISH CHAIRS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

—and they refused to sit down until the stools placed for them had been removed and chairs substituted.

Fig. 2, walnut, cane-seated and cane-backed, has about it something of the feeling of the East, a statement which will rejoice the heart of Dr. Slomann, of Copenhagen, who two years ago produced a theory that most turned furniture and also pieces of this character were actually made in India and



2. THE "AGE OF WALNUT": AN ELABORATELY CARVED WALNUT CHAIR DATING FROM THE REIGN OF CHARLES II., AND REPUTED TO HAVE BELONGED TO QUEEN ANNE.

imported; a supposition which I thought entirely unsupported by valid evidence, and my more learned specialist brethren flatly characterised as nonsense. Enough, surely, to explain this complicated and ingen-

century; but—generally speaking—they are of this descent; there's a family likeness.

With the turn of the half-century—*i.e.*, with the grandchildren, as it were—fashion turns to more delicate lines. It's as if in 1620 (Fig. 1) people had gone to the Zoo and admired beyond all other creatures the buffalo; and in 1750 the antelope (Fig. 4). Still the ball-and-claw feet, but a much less pronounced cabriole, and an altogether lighter back, pierced, carved, and delicious. This piece happens to be an example—though a restrained example—of the wave of Chinese decoration that swept over civilised Europe at the time; not always, it must be confessed, with invariably happy results. Here the little pagoda-like points on the back rail are charming—incidentally, note how the trick of raising the ends of this back-rail where it joins the sides has the effect of lightening the weight of the whole—an agreeable optical illusion to be seen in numerous others, many of them simpler patterns than this.

Time goes on, taste becomes on the whole less elaborate. Such changes, I venture to point out, are evidence of something more than of a slight alteration of taste—they are also evidence of a social and economic evolution. Society is becoming less exclusive, money is circulating more freely among far more people, there are many more cabinet-makers who have many more customers than their grand-



5. THE DELICATE FORMALISM OF THE REGENCY PERIOD: A CHAIR OF JANE AUSTEN'S PERIOD; PAINTED BLACK AND GOLD.

fathers, the furniture of the last 25 years of the 18th century is found in far greater quantities than earlier and more elaborate pieces—in fact, we are beginning to arrive at the modern world, or at least a world made safe for a good *bourgeois* whose tastes had not yet been degraded by a machine-made civilisation.

The beginning of the nineteenth century brought a flimsier but agreeable enough fashion: light cane-seated chairs painted in various colours. This Fig. 5 is black and gold. Some people won't look at this Regency style; they say it is a trifle self-conscious and stilted in its attempt to return to a pretty Greek simplicity—for all its paint, it's a little cold and formal. That's not my view—to me it's pure Jane Austen. Read "Pride and Prejudice" once again with furniture such as this chair in your mind's eye; that is its period and that its social background. What was good enough for Jane is good enough for many of us.

4. THE "AGE OF MAHOGANY": A CHIPPENDALE CHAIR WITH PIERCED AND CARVED BACK, CHARACTERISED BY SLIGHT CHINESE MANNERISMS; DATING FROM THE 1750'S.



The lightest idea in evening shirts—

The primary function of a dress shirt is to preserve the set of front and cuffs. This shirt fulfils that purpose to perfection, but weighs practically nothing. Harrods offer it to the man who takes his pleasures energetically, yet cherishes that suavity of dress which marks distinction. The Man's Shop is confident that its texture, light as air and fine as gossamer, will be to him a revelation of comfort.

The Dress Shirt - 15/6
The Dress Collars per dozen 11/6
The White Tie - 2/6

THE MAN'S SHOP
HARRODS

FINANCE AND INVESTMENT.

By HARTLEY WITHERS.

ARE STOCK MARKETS BOOMING?

WARNINGS uttered

in the daily Press about the boom conditions alleged to be prevalent in the City are very useful

in encouraging caution; and it is very wholesome that we should continually be reminded about the disastrous consequences of the fever of 1928 and its collapse in 1929, followed by three dreary years of acute depression. Anyone who contends that there are no dangers attached to indiscriminate buying, and that the only possible course of market prices is upward, is doing bad work for himself and for those whom he advises; but nevertheless it may be as well to remember that the prophets of woe are not necessarily in the right, and that in many important respects, the conditions of to-day are very different from those which ruled in the former period of exuberance. At that time, both on the Stock Exchange and in the banking world, much more licence was given to those most dangerous speculators who went far out of their depth with the assistance of borrowed money. The speculator who buys merely to resell, at a profit if possible, is not nearly such a nuisance, from the market point of view, if he operates with his own money. The fact that he does so means that, if an upset does happen, he is not forced to make matters worse by closing his commitments in a hurry. He has taken up his shares, or can take them up if necessary; and so he has no reason to fear that "carry-over" facilities may be denied him in the House, or that his banker may come down upon him with an awkward demand for more margin against his advance. And all the indications lead one to the conclusion that such speculation as is now in progress is chiefly of this comparatively harmless kind, which may hurt the speculator if he is unlucky and does not choose the share that is just about to soar, but does not have the effect of producing a flood of forced closing if a change in sentiment comes.

THE POLITICAL CHECK.

All these horrible alarms and excursions abroad, which make one's morning paper so depressing to read, have been from this point of view a blessing, in that they have effectively checked the growth of speculation and have, from time to time, subjected markets to a most salutary purge. In fact, it was lately remarked by a veteran frequenter of Throgmorton Street that the one good thing that could be said for all these sabre-rattling dictators on the Continent was that their vagaries and slanging

matches were the only thing that kept markets from taking the roof off. And it has been noted, every time that these set-backs have happened owing to external influences, that the people who were selling were the professional operators, and that buying by real investors immediately had a steady influence. At every opportunity given it by a slight relapse in prices, the investing public comes forward readily, showing that there is a considerable amount of real money still waiting to find a home, and restrained from buying, partly by the uncertainties of the foreign political outlook, and partly by the very useful reminders by professional advisers in the Press and elsewhere that the level of prices, judged by the standards of former years, is high enough to make caution desirable. How much of the recent amazing scramble for Morris Motors was due to a speculative desire to snatch a quick profit, and how much of it was the result of eagerness on the part of real investors

to acquire a stake in a hitherto highly successful business, is a matter that has been much debated by the wise men of the City; but it is safe to assert that a good deal of it was due to the latter cause, showing that real investment is ready to take any opportunity that may be given to it, by market reaction or any other cause, for buying securities that seem attractive.

UNDERLYING CONDITIONS.

To genuine investors, however, the state of markets is of less importance than the underlying conditions which give them confidence or doubt about the future prospects of the industries in which they are interested. What they have to consider most of all is whether the outlook for trade and for business activity

taxation could give industry a chance of earning profits. And so the dreary weakening process continued, until the fall of the pound, and the consequent protection given against foreign dumping, put a different complexion on the problem by making England a good country to buy from and a bad one to sell to. In other words, the boom of those days was carried on in the midst of conditions which were far from justifying it. And, at the same time, the frantic gambling fever in America was a warning to all, which most of us failed to see, to look out for squalls.

A CHEERING CONTRAST.

As Hamlet says, "Look here, upon this picture, and on this." To-day there is every evidence that British industry is actively and profitably engaged in most of its branches, one of the most encouraging features in the situation being the revival in those sections—notably shipping, shipbuilding, and the cotton trade—which were hardest hit by the depression. We still have more than a million unemployed, and there is a great deal to be done before we can contemplate the condition of the country as a whole, and the standard of life of its people, with real satisfaction; but the Chancellor of the Exchequer has assured us that there is to be no change in the policy of cheap long-term money, and there is every indication that any demands for capital that industry may make will be readily met, if the terms on which it is asked for are reasonably fair to investors. Hopes of a great expansion of foreign trade, thanks to the fall of the gold block, may have been too hasty, in view of the prevalent prejudices in favour of extreme economic nationalism; but there can be no doubt that the co-operation between Washington and London for meeting the shock of the franc's fall, means that the *de-facto* stabilisation of the pound and dollar has come to stay, and that whatever may happen in Europe, short of actual cataclysm, the prosperity of the United States and the sterling area, which now includes Holland and Switzerland, will continue to expand. America's recovery is at a later stage than ours, and still has a long way to go before it ceases to be recovery and settles down into progress. But American industry seems to have made up its mind to the re-election of Mr. Roosevelt, and does not intend to allow the result of the election to interfere with its advancing activity. Wall Street has a proverbially short memory, but even it must surely have learnt enough from the slump of 1929 to make sure that such hectic fever as

upset all the world at that time will never be repeated.

From every point of view, then, investors may feel that warnings about a repetition of the experiences of the last disastrous slump are comparing conditions which have little in common. Then, both here and in America — though for very different reasons — the situation was full of danger. Now the indications, both in those two countries and also all over a wide area of the world, are in favour of expanding trade activity, while there is even some hope of a movement towards freer international trade and possibly of some cautious revival of international credit operations. It is true that prices, in many cases, are such that the immediate yield to investors looks meagre. How far this fact reflects a permanently higher valuation of equity shares, as compared with fixed-interest stocks, remains to be proved by the future course of events. In the meantime, it is a strong argument in favour of judicious distribution of risks.



DONOR OF £1,350,000 TO OXFORD UNIVERSITY—AN UNPRECEDENTED GIFT: LORD NUFFIELD, HEAD OF MORRIS MOTORS, THE FIRST DEALINGS IN ORDINARY SHARES IN WHICH RECENTLY CAUSED SENSATIONAL SCENES ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

It was announced on October 16 that Lord Nuffield (formerly Sir William Morris) had offered to Oxford University £1,250,000 for the establishment of a post-graduate medical school, and an extra £100,000 for the Bodleian Library and other essential services. This munificent offer was gratefully accepted. The sum given for the medical school is said to be the largest single gift by an individual to any British university. Dealing in Ordinary shares of Morris Motors opened on the Stock Exchange on October 15, and caused extraordinary scenes. Four long queues of people stretched across the "House" and out into the street, waiting to reach the four firms dealing in the shares. The pressure was so great that there were some cases of fainting.

is in favour of higher earning power for their enterprises. In this respect the contrast between the present time and the 1928 boom is striking. Then, this country was coming to the end of the forces with which it was making a gallant struggle to maintain the pound sterling at its old parity with gold. This, as was proved by its failure, was an impossible task without an all-round deflation of wages and of cost of production, to which the wage-earners and the business organisers could not see their way. The labour leaders argued, with a good deal of reason, that wages were always the first item in cost of production to be attacked, whenever attack was possible, and that reorganisation and rationalisation ought first to be tried before the workers' standard of comfort was reduced. The employers retorted that reorganisation was impossible without fresh capital, and that capital could not be provided until lower wages and some relief from the crushing weight of

This England . . .



Near Petworth, Sussex

CONSIDERED RIGHTLY, there is no sadness in the tawny patchwork of our English Autumn. Truly the loves and languors of summer are past, but now is a time of work, of securing all for winter, of eager preparation for the birth of another year. Remember, leaves do not fall of their own accord—'tis a gentle swelling, like a whispered promise of a Spring to come, that pushes them from their hold. So, if an Autumn sadness steals upon you, obey the well-rooted instinct for a "fine October ale." But make it a beer of the olden style—one such as Worthington—to hearten and sustain you; to give you certainty that if Winter comes, Spring is not "far behind."



THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER, A.M.I.C.E., M.I.A.E.

CLOSED cars are again predominant at the Olympia Exhibition, about which I wrote much last week, although almost every stand displays some type with open touring coachwork of the "sports" variety. Our recent cold snap of north-east winds and frost at night proved that, after all, it is a closed carriage which is the more suitable for the climatic conditions of Great Britain. The colder weather has also made motorists search the galleries of Olympia for the latest anti-freezing devices. The day has passed when motorists bought any tin offered them, emptied it into the radiator, and imagined they had stopped any risk of the cooling water freezing.

Nowadays, motorists realise that it is important to know how many degrees of frost any particular quantity of anti-freezing mixture will safeguard the cooling system from. Also, engines fitted with pumps have a less quantity of water in circulation than motor-cars using the thermo-syphon system. So that a Morris "Ten" and Lanchester "Ten" with twenty-four pints each require a greater quantity of glycerine, ethylene glycol, or bluecol than the Vauxhall "Light Six" with its thirteen pints, or

carriage at even more moderate prices than anybody a few years ago could have imagined was possible, even on the present total annual output of 350,000 vehicles.

An excellent section of the Motor Show is that devoted to exhibits of garage equipment. While the modern car has fitted jacks for its four wheels, automatic chassis lubrication, and other such labour-saving devices,



ACTING AS A GRAND-STAND! AN AUSTIN "TEN" CAMBRIDGE SALOON AT WHIPSNADE.

The new Austin "Ten" Cambridge saloon is likely to be one of the most popular models of the Austin range this year. These happy children found the sliding roof very useful when getting a "close-up" of a giraffe at Whipsnade.

there still remain many parts which require servicing or valeting by the professional garage hand. The Empire Hall is full of labour-saving appliances for such jobs. Here are machines for testing engines, the efficiency of brakes, the flexibility of the springs, measuring speedometer accuracy, and testing ignition faults. Truly the present Motor Show is full of interest to the public on account of the wide scope of its exhibits.

Alvis.

Since the general enlargement of the Royal Air Force started, quite a lot of interest has

been taken by flying folk in the Alvis Car and Engineering Co., Ltd., of Coventry, as they now make rotary aircraft engines in connection with the famous Le Rhone patents. Consequently, anything new from the Alvis works is sure to arouse considerable attention. This year, Olympia sees the appearance of a new "Seventeen" Alvis, rated at 16·95 h.p. for its six-cylinder engine of 67·5 mm. bore and 110 mm. stroke, so bringing it into the 2½-litre category. Ample water spaces, carefully proportioned to

avoid any possibility of distortion in cylinders or head, are provided, while the gasket is not used to make a water-joint, as separate passages are provided between the cylinder and the head of this monobloc casting. The crankshaft has a vibration damper at the front end, with four bearings, while the connecting-rods have anti-friction bearing-metal sleeves fitted into position. The pistons are of special aluminium alloy, and the valves in the head are of special steel actuated by push-rod mechanism of exclusive Alvis design. The easy-starting, down-draught Solex carburettor, with hot-spot induction system, air-cleaner, and silencing device, is fitted, the easy-starting control being connected to the ignition



ON A ROUGH TRACK: THE B.S.A. SCOUT CAR TWO-SEATER DE LUXE PRICED AT £166 10S.

switch. The hypoid spiral bevel gives a low centre of gravity, and enables the coachbuilder to give flat floors to this new Alvis "Seventeen." It is intended to replace the well-known "Silver Eagle." This new car is a great improvement on the latter, although its price of £545 for the saloon model represents a considerable reduction from the corresponding series of "Silver Eagles" of last season. This should be a particularly fast car for its size, due to the new form of chassis construction, which is light but immensely strong. The Alvis "Seventeen" has the independent front-wheel springing which has been incorporated in some of the earlier Alvis models; and now that system is fitted here in its perfected form—an improvement on previous years. Other examples exhibited on the Alvis stand are the Alvis "Speed Twenty-five," rated at 25·63 h.p. for its 3571 c.c. six-cylinder engine, fitted with three S.U. carburetters, and the "Special" Alvis gear-box with constant-mesh silent gears on all four ratios, and all changes made by its synchromesh mechanism. A four-seater drop-head coupé is listed at £850, and the 20-h.p. Alvis "Crested Eagle" six-light saloon rated at 19·82 h.p., costs £775.



WITH AMPLE ROOM FOR FOUR AND INDEPENDENT FRONT-WHEEL SPRINGING: THE NEW VAUXHALL "FOURTEEN" DE LUXE SALOON.

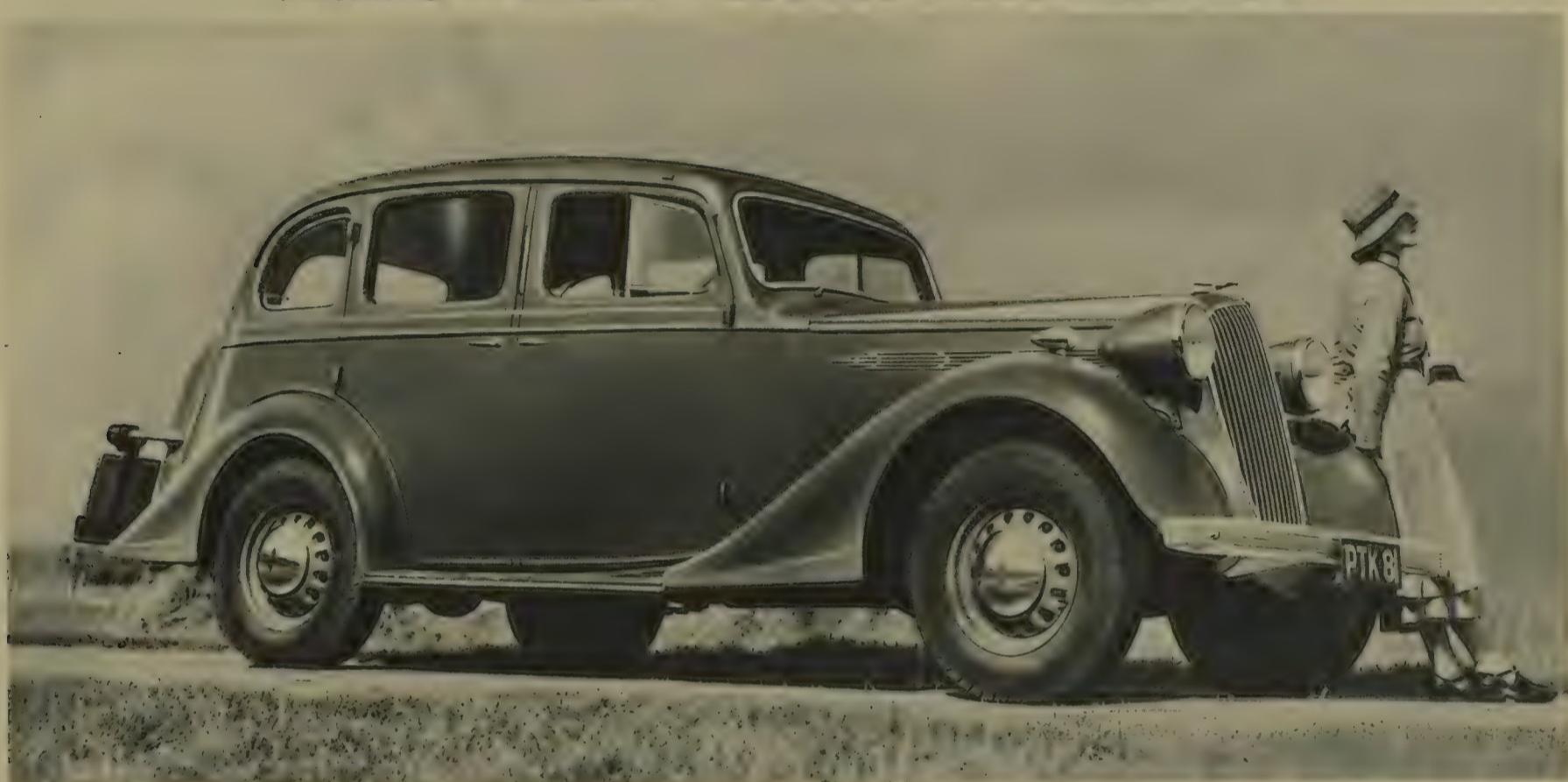
The new Vauxhall ensures a comfortable ride by means of its Independent Front-Wheel Springing. Body Conformity Seating, No-Draught Ventilation, and Controlled Synchromesh are amongst its many refinements. The price of the car has been reduced to £215, but the buyer has a choice of a 12-h.p. or 14-h.p. engine.

Austin. A very comprehensive range of Austin products is to be found on three stands at Olympia this year, as not only have they got a staging filled with complete cars,

[Continued overleaf.]

STILL GREATER VALUE IN THE NEW VAUXHALLS

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Continued.
but also a special chassis and mechanical exhibit, besides a range of marine engines in the Motor-boat Section. In the Main Hall are shown nine Austin



THE NEW CONCRETE LAMP STANDARD AND ONE OF THE OLD STANDARDS (IN THE FOREGROUND): A LIGHTING IMPROVEMENT IN THE FULHAM ROAD, LONDON.

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cars, including the new Austin "Fourteen" Goodwood saloon, with its bodywork of all-steel construction. This is insulated from sound throughout and is credited with being one of Britain's most silent road carriages. Its price is £235. There are also displayed the 10-h.p.

Austins, one being a "Cambridge" saloon and the other a new cabriolet. The latter model is the latest Austin product, and has plenty of room inside, being of the same proportions as the saloon, only its fabric top can be opened to half or full drop-position. This cabriolet is listed at £182 10s., while the saloon costs £178. The ubiquitous Austin "Seven," of course, is well represented. This engine, by the way, has now a three-bearing crankshaft and a much-improved clutch, besides Girling brake shoes; while the saloon is of decidedly improved appearance. As exhibited, the Austin "Seven" saloon costs £125, and the cabriolet £128. The Austin "Twenty" Mayfair limousine is listed at £650, and its details now include the new pressed-steel spoke wheels, which are standard on all Austin models this year with the exception of the "Seven." On the Austin stand 185, motorists interested in mechanical details will be able to study the new Austin "Fourteen" chassis, for a working model in section displaying the most important engine and transmission features is shown there. Here, also, is a working section of the Hayes self-selector gear-box unit, the alternative automatic transmission for the Austin "Eighteen," which is exhibited as a "York" saloon costing £328 in the Main Hall. As for the Marine Section of Austins, their engines are used by boat-builders in all parts of the world. This exhibit shows the new Austin 15·9-h.p. six-cylinder marine engine known as the "Tornado." It incorporates a water-coil in the oil reservoir, the water-cooled manifold, and the interconnection of throttle and reverse controls which have proved so successful on other Austin units. This engine has coil ignition, and its equipment includes down-draught carburation, pump fuel supply, electric starting, a revolution counter and a thermometer, while it is available with or without a 2·5 to 1 silent reduction gear.



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The Hillman "80" has a 20·9-h.p. six-cylinder engine; and it is fitted with "Evenkeel" suspension, which makes the rear seats particularly comfortable. It is a very handsome car and costs but £395.

Rover.

It may be noticed by visitors to the Rover stand at Olympia that, with the exception of the "Ten" saloon, the body-work range bears a strong family likeness. As a matter of fact, there are but few changes in the Rover programme from the models that were so successful during the past season. Such detail changes as have been made are to the advantage of the user, as the body interiors are roomier and the spare wheel is entirely enclosed, while the lid of the luggage-compartment, when in the horizontal position, can be locked to provide a rigid platform for additional luggage. The complete range this year consists of the 10-h.p. Rover, the 12-, 14-, and 16-h.p. models, as well as the Rover "Speed" model. The 10-h.p. Rover saloon, exhibited in black and green, is priced at £248, while the 12-h.p. saloon, in two shades of grey, costs £285. The 14-h.p. six-cylinder Rover is shown both as a saloon, in maroon and black, listed at £305, and as a sports saloon, in black and

[Continued overleaf]

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Continued.] gold costing £315, while the new "Sixteen" is shown as a saloon in two shades of blue priced at £345. The "Speed" model is available as a sports saloon only as shown, the example exhibited having its panels finished in two shades of green. It is listed at £415. All these saloons and sports saloons, with their six and four windows respectively, are fitted with generous-sized luggage-compartments built in at the rear. The "Speed" sports saloon has now a single carburettor and engine of 20 h.p., in place of the former 14-h.p. six-cylinder engine with three carburettors. It is found that the larger engine gives more satisfactory results, and the speed has been increased by several miles per hour. Rover cars are outwardly slightly different this year from the 1936 models, as the frontal appearance has been altered by mounting the front wings higher up the side of the radiator.

Wolseley. Eight cars are being shown at Olympia by the Wolseley Motor Company. These include three new body styles, so that a greater variety of choice is now offered to their customers. The Wolseley range consists of the four-cylinder 14-56-h.p. car introduced last June, the four-cylinder 10-40-h.p. and the 12-48-h.p. models brought out last April, and the three "Super Sixes"—namely, the 16 h.p., 20 h.p., and 25 h.p. The stand contains examples of all these cars, including the new saloon *de ville* priced at £285 and the new 25-h.p. saloon *de ville* priced at £425, also the 25-h.p. Sportsman's saloon costing the same price. The handsome limousine is listed at £725, which is the highest-priced car on the stand; and it is interesting to compare its graceful lines with those of the 12-48-h.p. saloon listed at £225, which follows the same curves in miniature. Practically, Wolseleys remain unchanged, and as their performance has satisfied everybody during the past year, there was no need to make alterations for change's sake. The new 14-56-h.p. filled in a gap for people not wanting one of the larger "sizes," but at the same time finding some of the smaller "fours" not quite big enough. This car has a maximum speed of well over seventy miles an hour, and its price is £265, which is extremely moderate considering the amount of comfort its coachwork can give its users.

"THE SPANISH TRAGEDY."

(Continued from page 726.)

throughout the land. Incendiarism became a national pastime. The chief contribution of this new era was a fresh form of terrorism—namely political assassination, which was taken up with enthusiasm by all parties and which culminated in the gangster murder of Señor Sotelo, Primo de Rivera's former Finance Minister. Strikes and riots multiplied hugely. "Day after day, pages of the newspapers were filled with reports of old strikes settled, new strikes declared, demonstrations, shootings, casualties, violent scenes at funerals, riot, arson, destruction." President Zamora was deposed, but, by some strange oversight, not assassinated; and Señor Azaña—doubtless with that purity of motive and indifference to personal power which, we are assured, have characterised his whole career—succeeded to the Presidential chair and to its very handsome emoluments. From this point onwards, the story of successive Governments passes from the realm of serious politics into that of farce. On one occasion there were three Governments within twenty-four hours. It would be equally tedious to attempt any account of the innumerable political trials. Practically everybody of any importance in Spanish politics, from the King downwards, has been tried and condemned, at some time or other, for some offence or other. Each trial has been the occasion of magnificent rhetoric and of stirring emotions, which doubtless gave great satisfaction to the editors and the readers of newspapers. As a rule, nothing much has happened as a result of these trials except a few months' imprisonment. All the various Governments can be acquitted of wholesale executions; these have been done unofficially, for private amusement. An indication of the general state of chaos is the record of incendiarism. It was stated in the Cortes by the egregious Señor Gil Robles, leader of the Ceda—and it was not denied by the Government—that in four months of the present year 170 churches, 69 clubs, and the offices of 10 newspapers had been set on fire, and that attempts had been made to burn 284 other buildings, including 251 churches.

The Republic has lasted some 57 months. During that time it has had 28 Governments. But the term is an extravagant misnomer; there has been no Government, but only Bedlam. The present carnage is the inevitable sequel.

Such, in brief, is Spain's political record for a period of nearly twenty years. It requires a considerable act of faith to accept Professor Peers' assurance that the essential virtues of the Spanish people remain unimpaired by all these dreadful experiences and that the grand old Spain is about to rise phoenix-like from the ashes which she has scattered so widely and so busily. However, it is nice to learn from Señor de Madariaga that none of the assassins, incendiaries, dynamiters, and gangsters are actuated by "unworthy, mean, or self-seeking purposes." Indeed they are not; their fault (if such we dare to call it) is that they are too high-minded—so high-minded that, in the pursuit of their political dogmas, the decencies and securities of

existence, the lives and property and beliefs of millions of their humble, peace-loving compatriots, are less than the dust beneath their chariot-wheels. All, all, honourable men; all champions of liberty, justice, and righteousness; all devoted idealists. And every man to whom there still clings some shred of the tattered garment of liberty will cry, from the bottom of his heart, "From the fury of the idealists, Good Lord deliver us!"

C. K. A.

THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

(Continued from page 714.)

but a leaf brushed aside here and grains of soil disturbed there kept most of their secrets from me. My fumbling attempts at the languages were corrected with patience and good humour. The syntax of the aboriginal dialects is bewildering, even to one reared on *Via Latina*, and the mastery of their multiple genders, thousands of verb forms, complex system of prefixes and infixes and subtle idioms, is a task for the most skilled of linguists. It is through a grasp of the language that one first sees with native eyes. It struck home how differently these Stone Age folk, whom we expect to leap overnight into the twentieth century, must see the world. I understood more of the myths which pointed out a stone as the spirit-centre from which children originate. I understood how the wind moving in branches might be the movements of spirit-children searching for mothers. I saw how plausible beliefs in sorcery and magic must seem, given the background of thought and traditional belief into which I was feeling my way.

When it was seen that I was making a serious and sympathetic attempt to understand them, not to mock, I was invited to attend secret totemic ceremonies which are sacred to the point of death with an aborigine. I watched for months while the yearly cycle of these dances went on. One could not lightly forget these picturesque pageants. Scores of natives, covered with red and yellow oxides and white pipe-clay, torsos marked with emblematic designs of kapok dipped in human blood, wooden drone-pipes sounding, and immemorially-old chants being choired by singers, while others, bronzed with ochre, danced in the light of great fires, were in themselves a theatrical spectacle. How much richer an experience it is to bring to them a knowledge of the symbolisms involved, the mythology they re-enact, and the religious ends they serve. A close observation of daily life in the camp, careful questioning upon incidents and quarrels which occur, much drudgery in collecting family genealogies and vital statistics, and many weary hours spent in testing and checking the data one gathers, help towards understanding Stone Age life and its meaning for the aborigine. Usually at the most vital stage the camp disappears overnight and wanders off twenty miles away. The luckless anthropologist, feeling badly done by, limps overland after them through eucalypt forests and stony gullies. And then to be greeted by a look which says very clearly: "What! You again!"

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By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

WINTERING IN INDIA.

A VISIT to Bombay, enabling a short tour to be made in India, is a regular feature of most of the present-day world cruises, but whilst a peep at some of the many



DASASHWAMEDH GHAT: ONE OF THE MANY BATHING GHATS OF BENARES, INDIA'S HOLY CITY BY THE BANKS OF THE GANGES.—[Photograph by the Indian Railways Bureau.]

marvels of this great country is deeply interesting, it can give a faint idea only of the joys of a winter holiday in this land of extraordinary contrasts of people and of climate and which includes practically every type of costume, of custom, of architecture and of scenery which the world can offer. Here, from November to March, throughout the northern half of the country, from sea to sea, the climate by day is that of an English summer, with nights that vary from being cool to being distinctly cold; there is almost constant sunshine, the rainfall being extremely light, and consequently the air is dry and bracing, and outdoor life is remarkably pleasant.

The winter is the time when the Indian countryside is at its best. The heavy monsoon rains are over, crops have been sown and are ripening fast, and few sights can be more pleasant than the rich fields of grain of varying shades of green, tracts of white-tufted cotton, and of sugar-cane, with long, creamy plumes waving in the breeze. From richly cultivated plains you pass, by road or rail, to rocky, hilly country, with deep ravines; through belts of primeval jungle, where still the tiger and the leopard and other wild beasts roam, and where still the aborigines of India live; and across stretches of sandy desert, studded with dried up rocky watercourses; whilst travelling in the north you may hope to catch a glimpse of one of the great ranges of the Himalayas.

Winter-time in India is also the season of activity in the towns and cities. You see these at their brightest and best then, and it is extraordinarily interesting to stroll through an Indian bazaar and to note the amazing variety of the types of people. What bargains, too, may be driven in the purchase of brass-ware, articles of carved wood and ivory, precious and semi-precious stones, rugs, carpets, and antiques! In the large cities, where there is a numerous European resident population, life during the "cold weather," as the winter is termed, is quite gay. Dances, concerts, dramatic performances, race-meetings, tennis, golf, and polo tournaments are held, and a great deal of entertaining goes on; whilst parties are arranged for pig-sticking and big-game hunting.

A very pleasant method of spending a winter holiday in India would be to tour the country, stopping a week or so here and there in order to explore the neighbourhood. In this manner, having rested in Bombay after the voyage out, and having seen from this centre the Caves of Elephanta, and those of Ellora and Ajanta, one could pass on to Udaipur, a city of palaces, with a lake setting of exquisite beauty—breaking the journey at Sanchi for the great Buddhist Stupa, said to have been erected by Asoka in the year 250 B.C. After Udaipur, a stay at Jaipur, with a peep at pretty Ajmer en route, would afford an opportunity of seeing this fine old city of Rajputana. Nearby is

Amber, with its peculiar charm. Thence to the next centre, Agra and the Taj Mahal—to be seen first by moonlight—wherefrom one could visit Fatehpur Sikri and the great rock fortress of Gwalior.

Then to Delhi, with its wondrous palaces of marble, the ruins of its six cities of the past, the busy life and historic interest of Shahjahanabad, the present-day Delhi; and the beauty of New Delhi, the capital of the Indian Empire. Further north, a stay in Lahore, with its memories of the Great Moghuls, would enable a visit to be made to Amritsar and its Golden Temple, the glory of the Sikhs; and still further north, from Peshawar, one could make the trip through the famous Khyber Pass, to the Afghan border, and witness fascinating scenes of North-West Frontier life. A long ride back—to Lucknow, the garden city of Upper India, with its glorious ruins of the Residency,

(Continued overleaf.)



SEEN FROM MALABAR HILL: BEAUTIFUL BOMBAY AND ITS FINE BEACH.—[Photograph by the Indian Railways Bureau.]

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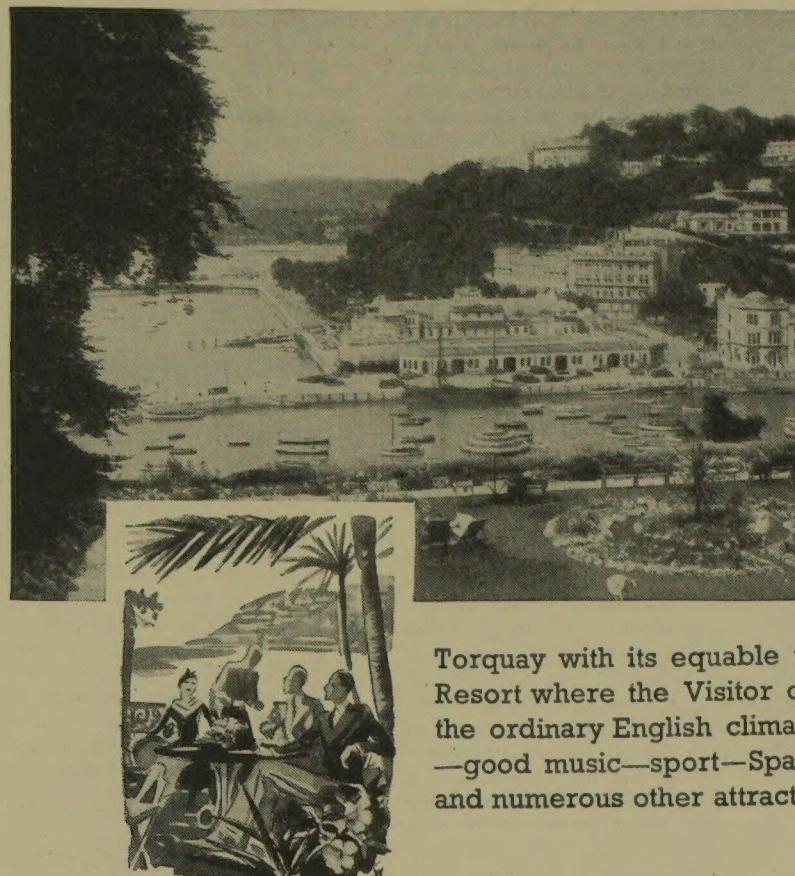
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE OPENING OF THE MUSICAL SEASON.

THE Royal Philharmonic Society began its 125th season last week with an orchestral concert of the austere character, the programme consisting of nothing more than three symphonies in conformity with the best tradition of programme-making on the Continent. The London Philharmonic Orchestra has been reconstructed since last season, and not only has a new leader, Mr. David McCullum, in place of Mr. Paul Beard, but a number of new and, it appears, younger string players. The display it made in the three symphonies on this occasion justifies the expectation that it will develop into a magnificent orchestral instrument during the present season. Sir Thomas Beecham was in fine form, and the performance of the Haydn Symphony No. 104 in D, one of the "London" set, was notably clear and rhythmically alive. In the Dvořák Symphony No. 3 in F, Sir Thomas revealed his exceptional capacity to reproduce this spontaneous and charming music in a spirited and sensitive way without a trace of the sentimentality which most foreign conductors put into it. This Dvořák symphony deserves to be better known. The first movement is the weakest, but the Andante is beautiful, the Scherzo original, and all three movements are full of that lively invention which enriches Dvořák's music even in his less inspired moments.

Considering what a great conductor Sir Thomas is and how he achieves results which are beyond the capacity of almost any other conductor, one has only some very small criticisms to make, in the hope that

he will give some attention to them. He is inclined to play detached notes too *staccato*. This was noticeable in the Dvořák and in the Beethoven A major symphony which followed. Also, his balance or proportions do not seem to me to be always quite right and sometimes detail is scamped in the general excitement. This is, of course, always liable to happen, however much care is taken. But Sir Thomas, with his unusually fiery temperament, is more susceptible to this danger than a more phlegmatic conductor would be. At the end of the Beethoven Seventh Symphony Sir Thomas and his orchestra received a tremendous and thoroughly deserved ovation from the enthusiastic audience.

W. J. TURNER.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"JANE EYRE," AT THE QUEEN'S.

A YOUNG actress from the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, Miss Curigwen Lewis, made an immediate hit on her first appearance in the West End as Jane Eyre. She is not such a beauty that Hollywood will not be happy till it gets her, but she has that charm that Maggie Wylie so mistakenly thought she never had: "A sort of bloom on a woman. If you have it, you don't need to have anything else; and if you don't have it, it doesn't matter what else you have." A Plain Jane and No Nonsense is Miss Lewis's heroine. She handles that terribly provocative little baggage, Adele Verens, with great tact. With such patience and tact, indeed, that all our pity goes to the poor little governess, and none at all to the minx reared in such terrible surroundings. Unless one has recently re-read the novel, the play must be difficult to follow. That is a defect, for no adapter has a right to demand from his audience previous familiarity with a book. A play must stand, or fall, on its own feet. It has been said—rightly, many will maintain—that "Jane Eyre" is no more than a penny novelette treated with the hand of a master. We have the poor, humble governess, passing rich on some ten pounds a year; a little higher than a kitchen-maid, a little lower than a cook. Then there is Mr. Rochester—that dark, saturnine, rough-tongued hero who has set the fashion for so many screen "he-men" these days.

An air of horrific mystery hangs over the place. There is that locked door which leads to the rat-infested wing of the old mansion. Occasionally a drink-sodden wretch emerges, but it is the horrible thought that dear, gentle Miss Charlotte Brontë saw nothing unkindly in a man hiding a mad wife in an attic that causes more shudders to a present-day audience than the maniacal screams from the unhappy prisoner. Mr. Reginald Tate plays the part of Rochester with fine vigour and passion. He is the Strong Silent Man of the pre-war theatre. A hint of humour saves the rôle from appearing too unreal, and makes it possible to believe that this Mr. Rochester did sweep that meek, love-starved little spinster of a Jane Eyre off her feet. Miss Helen Jerome, whose "Pride and Prejudice" is such a success at the St. James's, has caught the atmosphere of the period very well. It is, however, a moot point whether the producer would not have been better advised to have made a Grand Guignol character of "The Maniac Wife." Miss Dorothy Hamilton screamed very nicely, but one did miss something of what the Melville Brothers would have regarded as their "big scene" in an old Lyceum melodrama.

"MARIGOLD," AT THE ROYALTY.

When this simple little comedy, a not-unpleasant blend of camphor and lavender, was first produced at the Kingsway in 1927, it staggered most people who believe in "unlucky theatres" by running for over six hundred performances. As a period play, if the atmosphere has been caught, never dates, this seems as fresh as ever. Miss Sophie Stewart (that lovely Celia of the film "As You Like It") is enchanting as the heroine.

In our description of Mr. Fritz Wiessner's brilliant ascent of Mount Waddington, in British Columbia, in our issue of Sept. 5, we stated that the mountain was the highest in Canada. We have since been informed that this title actually belongs to the remote Mount Logan, on the Alaskan border. We must apologise to our readers for having passed on incorrect information.

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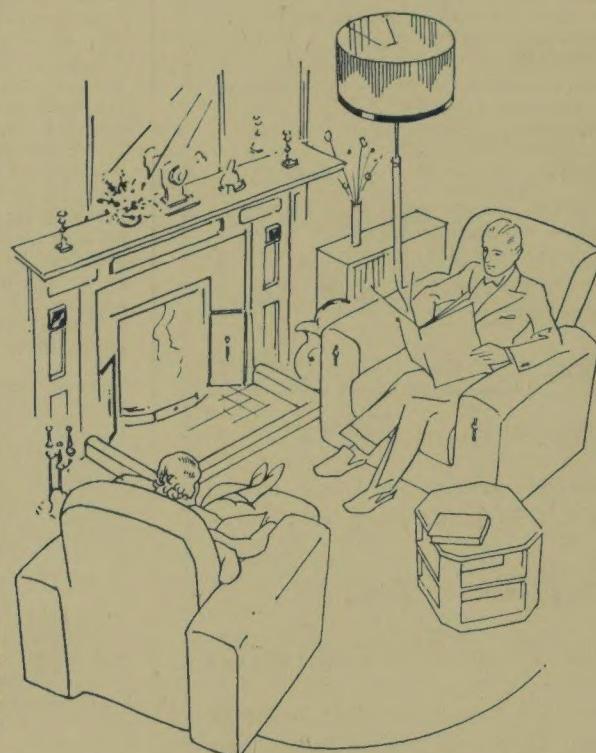
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